TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

AN appeal on behalf of the Canadian Rational Sunday League, has been issued by the secretary of that body, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson. If the people of this province are to retain even a proportion of their rights as citizens of a country flying the British flag, then we have great need of such an organization. In a more enlightened, better thinking age, we are accustomed to look back upon the old Blue Laws of New England as a nightmare; as a something linked with the Dark Ages which we can scarcely conceive once had a foothold on this continent. But one may even find an excuse for these grim old Puritans, who, persecuted in their old homes, fled to the new land to persecute in return. They had yet to learn their lessons of freedom; for in their time half of Europe was shackled; the power lay with the few against the many; the negro was an animal and a machine, and the common man had few if any rights.

As these fanatical New Englanders of two centuries and more ago hunted witches and burned people at the stake, so fanatical officials, vested with the powers of the Lord's Day Alliance, harrass and annoy respectable citizens for petty infractions of their tyrannical laws. As in Salem in 1691-2, the witch-finders busied themselves finding people to burn to death, so our modern witch-finders of the Province of Ontario—employed by the Lord's Day Alliance—busy themselves fining and jailing honest citizens who demand a rational Sunday.

As I have before pointed out on this page, one of the worst features of these Sunday restrictions, originated and put in force through the Legislative "pull" of the Lord's Day Alliance, is that it is class legislation. The rich man who wishes to sail on Sunday is not hampered in the least, but the men, women and children in moderate circumstances cannot take a Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamers, nor the steamers of the Toronto-Hamilton Company, nor the Niagara Navigation, nor any of the rest, and sail over the waters of Lake Ontario. They must needs go on Saturday afternoon or evening and return not earlier than Monday morning, for the Lord's Day Alliance has so willed it. What is the consequence of this and other restrictive measures? The poor people are obliged to stay at home, for they can neither afford the time nor the expense of two nights and a day on the water, or at an hotel in a foreign port. Our people of Toronto, taken as a whole, know nothing of the beauties of the lake washing the shores of the city, and never will they know it while the Lord's Day Alliance has its way.

By the same short-sighted, fanatical policy, we close our libraries on the one day of the week when the great mass of the public could benefit by them and if we were fortunate enough to have a great art gallery, we would unquestionably do the same thing. Of course, these are small matters to the chief supporters of the Lord's Day Alliance, for judging from the fact that they have so much time to devote to restricting the liberties of others, I take it that they can still find time to go to Niagara on a week day, or possibly many of them have yachts of their own.

I am of the opinion that the large majority of Toronto's citizens strongly favor rational Sunday laws. The difficulty has been the indifference shown by the rationalist in the days gone by, in direct contrast to the aggressive and zealous minority who raise their banner in the name of the Lord's Day Alliance, and then proceed to persecute in the name of the Lord.

Toronto and her absurd Sunday laws are to-day the laughing stock of the continent, and the cords will unquestionably be drawn tighter and tighter just so long as these zealots have command.

This is not a plea for the open saloon, or for anything of this sort, but for a rational, orderly, unrestricted day in the open for those who wish to take advantage of it.

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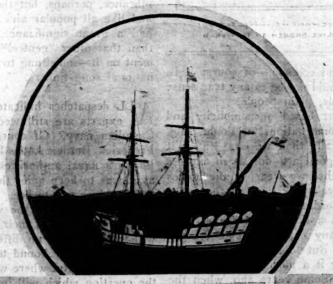
THE other day the great public which reads newspapers was informed that John D. Rockefeller had attained his seventieth birthday; and most people were, no doubt, mildly interested to know that John, "from whom oil blessings flow," had received this blessing in his turn. It cannot be said that there was any tendency towards general rejoicing; but at the same time it must be admitted that in his regard there has been a great change of public sentiment from the rabid and unreasoning hatred of earlier muck-raking days. Perhaps this is an indication that the public is growing wiser and more tolerant; or that Mr. Rockefeller is beginning to develop hitherto unsuspected virtues; or that he has got a good press agent. It may be any or all of these things, but the fact remains that people are turning from the octopus conception of him, to look upon him more and more with the dispassionate interest that one would display in watching the operation of some strange force of nature—the movement of a glacier, for instance. And perhaps, after all, this is the proper view.

Such men as John D. Rockefeller do not make themselves; they are made. It is not so much their own innate and irresistible vigor which carries them over all obstacles to positions of supreme and ill-omened prominence, as it is the great social and economic forces behind them. They are strong with the strength of these forces, and they have thus a power and a significance which they would never otherwise possess. Napoleon was possible only in the days of the great European upheaval which began with the French Revolution, and he is one of the outstanding figures of universal history, just because in him were centred the forces which produced that upheaval. In the same way John D. Rockefeller could never have grown to his present colossal proportions, except under the peculiar economic conditions of the world to-day, and especially of the United States. Modern business has risen out of chaotic disruption, and is only now becoming organized. It was formerly a world of unconnected individuals or tiny groups: but these individuals have now been welded into great bodies, corporations, "trusts," whose power in the last resort lies in the hands of one man. Thus in the early days of mankind did men join together in tribes, and from these tribes nations rose and were ruled over by great kings and conquerors. And, these in turn, have given way to other ideals and systems, in which every man has a voice in the government, and is to a certain extent, sovereign. In business, however, the development has not gone so far. We are still in the intermediate stage. The power lies in the hands of a few giants. Perhaps the time will come when every worker will have a certain voice and authority. But those days are still far off; darkness rests upon them and mists of socialistic verbosity. And, in the meantime, the world of finance is given up to the conquerors, the Rockefellers and the Harrimans and the Morgans, who have been carried by their own energy and ability, and the forces of the moment to a power beyond that of monarchs. Of these men, Rockefeller is easily the greatest and the most significant In fact, this bald-headed old man, with the cold, impassive face, and the habit of giving excellent but rather twaddling advice, is one of the most significant of living men. And I may well be pardoned if I take the occasion of his seventieth birthday to make a few comments on his singular personality.

No man in America—except, perhaps, the irrepressible Teddy—has been more discussed than Rockefeller; and yet no man is so completely unknown, so far as any real understanding of him is concerned. We have been told enough and to spare about his appearance and his habits. His shiny, egg-like head is as familiar to us, as his golf and dyspepsia and his advice to young men about saving their pennies. But of the man himself we know nothing. Not that he shuns enquiry at all. He seems even to court it. But after all the interviews and sketches and everything else, we are left where we started. The man is inscrutable. Were it not for what he has done, one would say he was completely insignificant. There is something commonplace and sordid about him, even a touch of Uriah Heep in those snuffling sermons on the eternal pence. He seems to have the mental range of a sanctimonious green-grocer. All enquiry is met by the same impenetrable reserve as to his real thoughts and feelings; he never puts off his mask of unctuous sanctity. Unless, indeed, it should not be a mask at all, but the man's real nature, the other side of the ruthless captain of industry. Such seeming contradictions have been known before now. But, as to all this, we are entirely in the dark. All we know is that there is living at Cleveland a soft-voiced old man, with a head as bald as a peeled egg, and a cold, emotionless face, who has acquired wealth beyond the dreams of avarice by methods as cruel as those of Pizarro. Like the advance of a glacier, he has remorsely overridden all opposition. Those who have tried to stand against him have been crushed and ruined; and he seems to have done it without malice as without regret. In fact, he has even thrown over his operations a veil of sanctity, like those doughty old Puritan warriors who chanted nasal hymns to the Giver of all good gifts as they coolly lopped off the heads of their enemies. And now this man has celebrated his seventieth birthday, with a gift of ten milions to colleges and a flood of good advice.



CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP DON DE DIEU

PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS HOSTS AT THE PELL MANSION

ONE OF THE PAGEANT PERFORMERS

HON. JAMES BRYCE (THE PRESIDENT SEATED)

THE LAKE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY.

England, Canada, France and the United States have just celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery by Samuel de Champlain of the lake which bears his name.

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THE great employers of labor in Canada are not as a class in favor of their men being members of the militia. This statement, particularly in view of the general call to arms in England and "the impending war between Germany and Great Britain" as the London papers are pleased to call it, may appear a bit strange. But the facts are before me, clear cut and unassailable. Some time since Mr. F. W. Thompson, vice-president and general manager of the Ogilvie Milling Company, resolved to do his part toward aiding the enlistment of men in the militia of Canada. In explanation it might be stated that this company employ some three thousand men, spread out all the way from the great wheat fields of the west to the milling plants and offices in the east. As an incentive for these men to join the militia Mr. Thompson, on behalf of his company, offered any and all of their employees an extra week off each year aside from their regular holidays, provided they joined the forces, and further promised the men that in the event of their being called out on active service they would in no wise prejudice their positions.

Mr. Thompson argued that less than one per cent. of Canadians are now members of the militia, and he hoped and still hopes that the large employers of labor in the Dominion will all do their part toward bringing the number up to two per cent. Strange to say that instead of getting support from these employers in and about the city of Montreal, Mr. Thompson, I am informed, was told that he was meddling with a dangerous problem. In other words these "loyal" Canadians rather discouraged the military sentiment, on the grounds that it might possibly interfere with their private enterprises by luring the men away from their everyday callings. However, these sentiments are not likely to disturb Mr. Thompson, nor interfere in the least with his promoting the cause of the Canadian militia. And my excuse for bringing out these details is merely to show that all is not gold that glistens, and that when "loyalty" interferes with business—well, that's another matter.

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ONCE more the seemingly endless, interminable question of Union recognition is being fought out in Nova Scotia. Coal mines and coal mining the world over are peculiarly subject to periods of unrest. On this continent we attribute it in a great degree to the foreign element employed in and about mines, in both the bituminous and the anthracite fields, and in all fairness to our fellow citizens, it must be admitted that the disturbing element, that section which is always ready and willing to resort to violence, is made up very largely of men and women of foreign birth. Canadians and Americans are as a class seemingly unfitted for the rough, hard toil about the mines, and the mine owners must scour Europe for the man power necessary to do the rough work on their properties.

As a class these foreigners are easily led by agitators, for over here they become first imbued with the idea that they are citizens of a "free" country, and to their untutored minds freedom and license are one and the same thing. All their lives long these Hungarians, Poles, Italians, Russians and other Continentals have been accustomed to having the streets of their native cities and towns lined with troops when the occasion arose, and they were pushed and shoved about like so many wooden Indians. Uniforms and rifles represent to their minds not only power but law; but in time they will learn better. Violence among strikers means dearly bought momentary success, and none appreciate this fact more than do the great labor leaders themselves.

In the present instance the contest is clear cut. There is no demand for higher wages or shorter hours; this, in the event of the United States Mine Workers of America winning, would be the next step. Being a local body the Provincial Workmen's Association, which is now on the side of the Dominion Coal Company against the U.M.W.A., is naturally the weaker element, and it is altogether unlikely that they could, in any event, carry on a successful contest against the Dominion Coal Company or against any other large mining corporation of Nova Scotia. This the officials of the Dominion Coal Company appreciate as fully as do the men themselves.

That a majority of the men should strive to affiliate with the larger and more powerful miners' organization of the United States is natural enough under the circumstances, and much which has been written and said regarding foreign supremacy, in event of the United Mine Workers' Association winning, can be put down as pure bunkum. Other large labor organizations have found it to their benefit to amalgamate with their fellow workers of the United States, and indeed some of the most powerful and deeply respected labor organizations on the continent, among them the printers and the locomotive engineers, have for years worked on international lines.

The contest in Nova Scotia promises to be both long and bitter, and in spite of contrary criticism it is probably a fortunate thing that the troops are on the spot. It is an easy thing for a crowd of desperate men to do wholesale damage to a coal mine, damages which would take months to repair, while the presence of the troops will ensure protection to those who have a desire to work. The chances are greatly in favor of the Dominion Coal Company's ultimate success, President Ross and his directors are, first of all, fighters, and they apparently have no idea but that of settling the question of unionism for a long time to come.

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L'ACTION SOCIALE, the Quebec Clerical organ, flew off at a tangent the other day because TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT took occasion to print a few facts concerning His Grace Archibishop Bruchesi. The same paper is now protesting against the proposal to celebrate the hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States. The paper in question reviews all the alleged and now largely exploded theories that Canada in her boundary questions with the Republic was never given a fair deal.

"True," says L'Action Sociale, "there has been no war but no European nation would have ever endured what Canada has endured from the United States without flying to arms. The settlement of the American and Canadian countries have brought about the loss of territory to Canada quite as large as the Province of Quebec. We have lost the greater part of the Valley of the St. John River, almost the whole of the present State of Maine,

vast stretches of territory along the Manitoba frontier, and that of the new provinces which to-day is a part of Oregon and lately a part of the Yukon."

In 1915 a hundred years will have passed since a gun was fired or a sword drawn upon this great long frontier. Here I take it is a great object lesson in peace, and how much better is it to speak in terms of commendation of this peace than to fan the flames of discord between two of the great nations of the world. A century of peace is something to glory in. In our school days we all heard of "the hundred year war" between France and England, but now our school boys will begin to hear something of the hundred years of peace.

Let a great monument be raised on the eastern border land, on the boundary where now the dismantled, fast crumbled walls of the old fortresses are the only signs that war once was. Since the beginning of things, the human race has celebrated the triumphs of war. When a peace has been celebrated it has been but the gathering of the forces from the scenes of carnage. Let us now celebrate the peace of a hundred years, a peace in which our forefathers and ourselves have taken honored part.

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THE Ontario Medical Council are discussing, according to newspaper reports, the advisability of prosecuting the Osteopaths, with the idea of driving them out of business in this province. In British Columbia, medical men of the old schools have waged successful war against the Osteopaths, and they are given until September to get out of business in that province. It strikes me that the honored members of Canada's medical profession might be better employed. Just how effective the Osteopathic treatment is, individual experience must attest, but in any event, it is fairly safe to say that boring holes in a man's epidermis, or wiggling the muscles of his back about a bit, are not going to do any considerable harm, even if it does no good.

On the other hand, we have flung in our faces, day after day, advertisements for the "cure" of consumption, cancer, and the like. Some of the Toronto daily papers are loaded down with such advertisements, everyone of which are fraudulent from first to last. Each twenty-four hours, people afflicted with these and other dread diseases, over which no medicine has the least curative effect, are paying out their last dollars in the vain hope of the "cure" which the thieving manufacturers, with a gift for writing deceptive advertisements, are sending broadcast throughout the land. From time to time the physicians take up this patent medicine curse—one of the greatest of our generation—but the movement has always been a half-hearted one, and non-productive.

The Osteopaths may punch holes in one's anatomy, but at least they give no drugs with which to numb the senses, and create and cultivate tastes ten times more fatal than the liquor habit. Let the Ontario Medical Council make an honest endeavor to have the cancer and tuberculosis "cure" fiends put where they belong, and the rest of the medical misfits will follow in the natural course of events. It is said that patent medicines cost the Canadian people considerably upward of six million dollars per year, but this is trifling when one computes the real physical harm done by these "cures" in the same space of time. In these days when practical philanthropy occupies so much of the time and energy of the good folks of the world, it would be well to remember that patent medicine manufacturers, and more particularly those who advertise cure-alls under attractive names, prey upon the poor and the ignorant. It is this class of people who purchase opium-loaded soothing syrups for baby; and who, when sister or mother coughs and hacks there in the back room where sunshine is a stranger, go to the drug store and purchase Dr. Skinum's consumption cure and Dr. Doum's positive cure for night sweats.

Already the people of the United States are tightening the cords about these frauds, and to-day in all that country there is scarcely a publication of merit and prominence willing to carry their advertisements. There, under the pure food acts, much has been done toward putting the most mischievous of these manufacturers out of business, while others have been obliged to alter their prescription in such a manner that the harm which their "medicines" formerly did, is largely nullified.

Here, in Canada, we have scarcely moved at all in this very important matter, and I take it as being up to the physicians of Canada to give it a start. An active, persistent propaganda among our Members of Parliament should attain the end desired, and at the same time the daily, weekly and monthly publications of the Dominion who are now taking money from these bloodsuckers in return for space, might be shown the error of their ways.

Dr. "Pat" Hardy, son of the late Premier, the Hon. A. S. Hardy, was recently elected President of the Ontario Medical Society. Dr. Hardy has youth, energy, and the world before him. Could he do a better service than hounding out these patent medicine fiends? I doubt it. I realize fully that the patent medicine men, combined as they are, are a powerful factor, and they will here and there obtain the aid of legislative members, and of a few newspapers, a very few probably. But at the same time a properly organized campaign should have the support of a large majority of the people, and of the Legislature as well.

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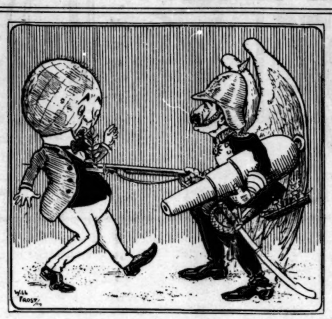
THERE has been a good deal of talk lately about Canada's need of a new national song. Artistic perception has grown to such an extent in this young country of late that it has at last become quite clear to many people that "The Maple Leaf Forever" is a doggerel jingle with a very commonplace tune. It may do very well as a chorus for children, we are told, but the time has come when we ought to have a song that is more dignified and moving, both as to words and music—a real national anthem. Now, we may all agree that those who are endeavoring to supply the Canadian people with a high-class, made-to-order national hymn are animated by most admirable motives, patriotic and artistic. But, it would be well for these altruists to recognize the fact that the people generally evolve national songs for themselves. What of "God Save the King?" Is it artistic either as to words or music? Nobody knows and nobody cares who wrote the words. The air is said to be of French origin. From a literary standpoint, the song is about as crude as it could be. From a musical standpoint it is commonplace, like "The Maple Leaf." But it is tremendously sturdy, steady and confident. If an inhabitant from Mars or some other planet should alight on any part of the earth and hear a British assemblage sing "God Save the King," he would not have to ask any questions as to the characteristics of the British people. He might think them inartistic, but he would realize that here was a nation that, fearing the Lord and nothing else, had "muddled through" everything for a thousand years, and would probably muddle along healthfully, cheerfully, and surely to the end of the world. "God



THE ANGEL OF PEACE—MADE IN GERMANY—BEFRIENDS THE OLIVE BRANCH TO THE WORLD

Save the King" is simple and common—of course it is. If it were anything else it would not be in any true sense the national song of a simple, plain people.

And, after all, is not art based on simplicity and frankness of expression? Some nations, no doubt, sing, talk, and dress more artistically than we do. But is it not in good taste—is it not good art—for us to express ourselves frankly in the clothes we wear, in the homes we build, in the language we speak, and in the songs we sing? Any versifier of ordinary ability could write a song infinitely better from a literary standpoint than "God Save the King," and any musical composer could hit off a more artistic air. But to invest a song with traditional reverence, to give it a meaning for the people, is quite another thing. Some years ago, when the Prince of Wales was in Toronto, a young man then dashing off popular little melodramatic sermonettes for The Daily Star, wrote one day an article on "Why We Cheer." That, I think, was the caption, and good-hearted Charlie Raymond never wrote a better article—it was one to remember. He pointed cut that it was not the Prince that the people cheered, but the men and the nation behind him—the sturdy, wholesome race of beef-eaters, simple, fearless, unexcitable, who had planted all over the world the flag that stands for British fair play and the finest of civilizing influences. We honor the King, for we can say affectionately and with no disrespect, that he is a rare, good fellow. But we honor him and cheer him chiefly because he stands for British character, principles, and traditions. We honor the man, but we reverence the King; and we would not honor Edward VII. personally as we do if he were only a typical English gentleman, instead of being, as he is, a typical English man as well, simple, wholesome, and large-hearted. And so it is with "God Save the King" and "The Maple Leaf." We admire neither of these as a song; we love both because for a long time they have seemed—the one to the whole British race, the other to Canadians—to be appropriate mediums of patriotic expression.

When the whole British race becomes more "artistic," it may appropriately sing a national hymn with more literary and musical frills than the good old song we have to-day. But is such a change of character and expression desirable, or at all probable? Here, in Canada, if the nation should become, as certain prophets foretell, a great independent power some day, experiencing a "baptism of blood," and accumulating stirring traditions of her own, we then may have a nobler song than "The Maple Leaf Forever." But who is looking for that day, or hoping for it?

It is worth noting that in the United States, efforts have been made, from time to time, to evolve an "artistic" national hymn—always without success. And in this connection it is interesting to note the true origin of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and its prototype, "John Brown's Body." A correspondent of The Argonaut, of San Francisco, tells the story. It has been long supposed that the John Brown of the famous song was the anti-slavery preacher and worker of Ossawattomie who, during the war of the North and South, seized the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and offered to supply runaway slaves with arms and ammunition, and who was hanged by the county sheriff. This was not the case. In the spring of 1861, the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers was recruited at Boston, and one of the companies had a glee club. One song they sang was a camp-meeting air, "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" This became a great favorite and still lives. In another company of the regiment there enlisted one John Brown, a grave, taciturn, middle-aged Scotchman, who, as The Argonaut correspondent relates, "had a peculiar religious belief, to the effect that his body and soul were two distinct and different affairs and working separately on different lines." This Brown was looked on as a crank—the "character" of the regiment. So some wit wrote a parody of the song, "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" with the words of the John Brown song as we know them, beginning

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

About that time, Julia Ward Howe, the Boston writer, visited Washington, and attended a review of the Army of the Potomac. Everywhere she heard the John Brown song, and was much impressed by it, and her friends asked her to write words that were more "genteel" to go with the air. Thus she evolved "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The latter was well received, but it never attained the popularity of "John Brown's Body" among the people. For even in Canada the John Brown song was heard everywhere. Until very recently, young people driving home from picnics and other outings, after they had exhausted their repertoire of up-to-date ditties, "wound-up" by singing it, together with "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground," "Suwanee River," "Annie Laurie," and other old favorites. And perhaps they do it still. The song was given many variations, and many an Ontario countryside has been disturbed late at night by a lusty chorus to the effect that "John Brown's whisky bottle's empty on the shelf." In this country the words of the song had little significance, perhaps, but the tune has a fine swing to it, and like all popular airs it is simple. Where the song had a great significance, it was vastly more popular than that other "genteel" hymn written as an improvement on it—something to be borne in mind by Canadian national song tinkers.

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ALL despatches indicate that our own eminent naval experts are still wedded to the plan of building a Canadian navy. Of course Hon. Mr. Brodeur and Sir Frederick Borden know by this time just what Great Britain's naval authorities think of the scheme, evolved as it was to keep quiet the French-Canadian electors of the Province of Quebec. That Britain has standardized the naval vessels of the world, and the fact that other countries must learn their naval lessons in British yards, will make little or no difference to our delegates now in London. We are bound to have a home-made navy and that settles it. But where will we build the vessels? That's the question which will interest the electors. We might construct one of our Dreadnoughts at Sorel and another on the Newmarket canal. We could lay the keels now, and with good luck have them off the stocks by the time the present British fleet is pronounced obsolete. Then they could all go in the scrap heap together.

THE COLONEL.

History Repeating Itself.

July 13, 1909.

To the Editor SATURDAY NIGHT,

Dear Sir,—There is a well known saying that "History repeats itself," and so it is with many of the minor events of life. Last year the papers teemed with accounts of performers who issued challenges (on paper) to the grisly Phantom of Death, and which eventually culminated in the catastrophe to poor Marie La Blanche at the Exhibition Grounds, making in one moment a helpless cripple, until death more merciful than man released her from her sufferings. Already this year at the Island and Scarboro Beach we have similar exhibitions going on, and to make the attraction more popular at the latter resort, we are told the lady will make "an appalling death-defying bicycle flight through space." Perhaps the management of the Street Railway do not think the performer runs any more risk than the average traveller crossing the road in front of a fender that won't work, and possibly they may be right, but surely our morality department, who cover up the poster of a boxing match as immoral, might forbid the words "death-defying." But as I said before, history repeats itself and the present generation take as much delight in the horrible as in the old Roman days when the shout went up "Ave Caesar Imperator, mortituri te salutant."

I remain, yours obediently,

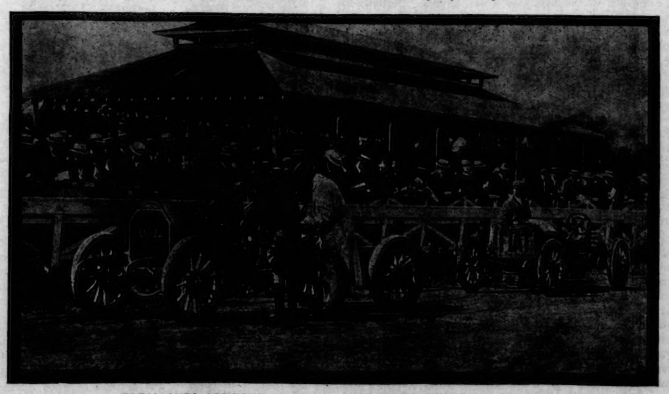
HENRY A. ASHMEAD,
16 Belmont street, Toronto.

Tourists in the Tower.

THE amusing, if somewhat embarrassing situation, in which three hundred Tower of London visitors were placed when they suddenly found themselves imprisoned behind locked doors the other day, brings to light the effective manner in which the nation's treasures are guarded.

There is a system of secret electrical alarms installed at the Tower, the sound of which is a signal for the immediate closing of all the doors in the building as well as all the entrances. On the occasion referred to, says the London correspondent of a New York paper, an atmospheric disturbance set the alarm bell ringing in the guard-house, and at once all the doors were closed. Warders and policemen took their appointed stations and nobody was allowed to enter or leave. The officials were uncertain whether an attempt had been made to carry away the crown jewels or to blow up the Tower, and watch was kept on the tourists until the order was given for the doors and gates to be swung open again.

Similar elaborate precautions against robbery are in use at the British Museum. There is a secret electrical alarm in every room, and if a burglary takes place in any part of the building, a policeman has only to touch a button to notify all the officials, who close the doors and entrance gates, which are swung round by the turning of a crank. The National Gallery and other art museums are equally well protected.



FATAL AUTO ACCIDENT ON THE BLUE BONNETS TRACK, MONTREAL.
Batchelder stands (in a light colored coat) beside the Stearns car, his assistant beside him. Both were killed. The photograph was taken immediately before the fatal race.

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Barefoot sandals for the children will be more popular than ever this summer.

Splendid for play, for outings, for the lake shore.

Fix out the little folks and let them enjoy themselves.

Barefoot sandals are not expensive, $1.25 to $2.

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SUMMER RESORT JEWELRY

You need Jewelry in Muskoka and at the Sea Shore. It is liable to get out of repair there as well as in the city. Remember you can send your Jewelry Repairs by mail with the assurance of prompt satisfaction.

Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

LAWN BOWLS

There's only one kind of Lawn Bowls that will give you perfect satisfaction, and the right to win games—*the best.*

We sell Thomas Taylor's peerless Bowls—none better.

Our large business entitles us to the unusual consideration by the manufacturer—*first selection.* Of course we pay extra for that, but when one wants the best a little price-difference shouldn't block the way. Our customers want nothing under the best. We satisfy our customers. That's why we sell the best of Taylor's Lawn Bowls.

Our bowls run up to the weight limit of the Bowlers' constitution.

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Every person with surplus money available for investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

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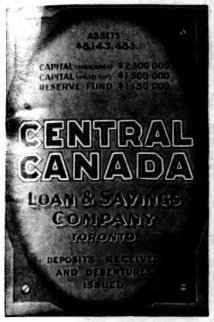
TORONTO - CANADA



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Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
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ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
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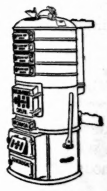

If you Intend Building or Buying a House let us Assist you with the Benefit of the experience of those who Are living in Houses Heated by "Sovereign" Boilers.

"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILER

Made by the **TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED, GUELPH**

All our Testimonials have come unsolicited and they will be helpful to you.

ENTENTE CORDIALE.

A very pleasant little outing was arranged lately for a number of Buffalo newspapermen who were brought over to Toronto, driven about the city in automobiles, and taken back home rejoicing after a day filled with gleeful incident. And Mr. Folger, of the Niagara Navigation Company, who was largely instrumental in arranging the outing, introduced a pleasant innovation by inviting a number of local newspapermen to join in the excursion so as to help entertain the visitors. The result was very pleasant for all concerned, and the scribes from both sides of the border made things very interesting for one another. A striking feature of the trip was the time made by the steamer Cayuga, which made the run from Lewiston to Toronto in two hours and three minutes, beating the schedule time by three-quarters of an hour, in spite of the fact that she was a little late in leaving Lewiston. This gave lots of time to see Toronto, and the Exposition grounds, and not a minute of it was allowed to hang idle.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, JULY 14, 1909.

THE name of G. H. Duggan has appeared in the newspapers quite frequently since the beginning of the strike at the Dominion Coal Company's mines, at Glace Bay, C. B. When he was in Montreal, no one ever thought of referring to him as G. H. Duggan—it was always Duggan or G. Herrick Duggan. Perhaps he didn't care what he was called, but somehow the "Herrick" seemed to fit him better than the initial. He lived in Toronto, too, before he came here, but I don't know what he was called there. In any case it didn't matter a great deal about his Christian name, for anyone who was ever much acquainted with him would not be very apt to mistake their man.

G. Herrick Duggan.

"Duggan" is what he was generally called, as a rule; that was sufficient to identify the individual. Perhaps his fame may have faded somewhat of late years, but there was a time not so long ago when, throughout the length and breadth of Canada, as well as in certain circles of the United States and Europe, the word "Duggan" was as well known as "Sunny Jim," "B.B.B.," "Pink Pills," "Mother Siegel," or some of those far-famed brands of German or Scotch beverages which are in such demand this sultry weather. The newspapers are largely responsible for the prominence of them all. But the simile ends here, for, whereas the other household remedies had to pay so much per for their advertising, Duggan got his for nothing, and the newspapers were only too anxious to give to him. It must have been about a dozen years ago that Duggan's fame began to spread. At that time he was with the Dominion Bridge Co., where he was Chief Engineer, or, at least, occupied a prominent position of some such nature. About that time a challenge was issued by a yachting club in the United States for the fastest yacht of a certain class known then as half-raters. A cup, called the Seawanhaka Cup, was offered by the club, and the annual series of races which resulted from this challenge were known as the Seawanhaka races. The boats were originally of a small class, but was later increased in size, and the classification was altered in many ways. The swift, "skimming-dish" type of craft, at first so much execrated, and later so generally adopted, was brought to its perfection largely as a result of the Seawanhaka races.

BARON ROTHSCHILD,

Head of the great banking house of that name. The Rothschilds recently underwrote the Grand Trunk Pacific ten million dollar three per cent. Government guaranteed loan.

A Boat Designer.

When Duggan learned that designer Crane, of the challenging club, had produced a boat which he thought could ensure the safety of the fine silver cup, he concluded to take a fall out of him. Duggan belonged to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, at Dorval, to which belonged several other people (some of whom are more or less necessary to the interest of this story), who were also connected with the Dominion Bridge Co. Among these was Fred Shearwood. Fred wasn't heard of a great deal during the first few years of the races. But after Duggan left town to fill his present position, Shearwood took up the work of designing, and the club turned out faster boats than ever.

James Ross' Aid.

But it was another man who has more to do with this story. This was no less a personage than Mr. James Ross, multi-millionaire, president of the Dominion Bridge Co. and of many other concerns, including the Dominion Coal Co., of which Duggan is now general manager. All at once James Ross began to develop a fondness for sport which none of his old friends ever suspected he would ever entertain—this keen old financier who was always tending to business, and looking out for the main chance wherever it was to be found. He became commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, and he stood the expense of building the first few boats which were constructed. Surely James Ross didn't do all these sporty things off his own bat! And anyone who induces him to do things which he is not in the habit of doing is no slouch. So, Duggan built his boat, took his crew, and departed for Oyster Bay. The Americans never stood a chance. The Cup came to the Royal St. Lawrence Club, where it remained for many years thereafter.

A Man of Nerve.

It was during the annual struggle between the challenging and defending boats on Lake St. Louis that the newspaper men had a chance to study Duggan. That he is resourceful to a high degree, no one who ever saw him jockeying for position day after day at the starting line would for a moment doubt. Not once in a while, but the majority of times, and in competition with a variety of expert opponents from many countries, was Duggan able to get across the starting line first. He is venturesome and he has a fine nerve. Otherwise, how account for the way he would shoot that boat of his in and out among the various craft which would sometimes hang around the starting line? And all the time the wind might be blowing a regular gale and Duggan would carry every stitch he thought he could carry, and the way that boat of his tacked back and forth, avoiding this and dodging that, would make the average yachtsman's hair stand on end. But whether fair weather or foul, or gales or calms, Duggan would appear from somewhere just at the right time and get over the line either first or near it. And even when he didn't get away first, he made up for his shortcoming by getting back first—which, after all, was the aim and object of the whole endeavor.

A Smart Crew.

A factor which was necessarily of much importance to Duggan in these races was his crew. As illustrating his ability to get work out of them, it is worthy of remark that he somehow always managed to get together the smartest crew on the lakes. Whether he had their affection or not, he certainly had their admiration and devotion, and they would work like very niggers for him. This was partly due, no doubt, to the fact that the crew was in the limelight at racing times, and to be a member of it was to get the gold medal and the blue ribbon and to be in the honor class of the yachting fraternity. Now, it would happen sometimes that some one would let the jib sheet run, or the spinnaker go overboard and thus delay the progress of the Canadian boat. At such times it was a treat to hear Duggan. His "langwidge" certainly was of the variety known as picturesque, and, alas! for the degeneracy of these modern times, I have to record the fact that, if the race happened to be a particularly close one, even the Sunday school scholars heard it with sighs of satisfaction.

A Fighter 's Duggan.

It need be no cause for surprise that Duggan stood in the thick of the fray, at Glace Bay, recently. He is a fighter is Duggan, or else he's a beautiful bluffer,—perhaps a little of each. At those races he used to have very little to say. The newspaper men seldom got much in an interview with him. Apparently he did not seek publicity. But he went about in a quiet, determined way which impressed one with the idea that he would as leave fight as eat. I shouldn't wonder if he impressed James Ross that way, too, and that the latter worthy decided that a man who could make a naval officer and a real sport out of him and have him figure as the popular owner of the fastest yachts of their class in the world, would be a good man to send down to the mines to make those horny-handed sons of toil hustle around some. Had he been anxious to conciliate them, I doubt if he made a good choice. Duggan may be the most genial of men to his frinds, for all I know, but, whether because of his somewhat taciturnity of manner or his apparent indifference of what others might think, he certainly inspires many of those who are not intimate with him with antagonism. One could easily believe that he is autocratic and that he would not care a snap of the finger who knew it. This would not make for conciliation, so that I am disposed to think that James Ross must have chosen Duggan because he wanted a man who had a firm hand and didn't give a damn how the other fellow felt about it. If so, I really think he made a good choice. As for Duggan, he seems to be in a fight just now that is apt to keep him interested for a while to come.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1909.

Securities were inactive during the week. The buying has not been as pronounced as could have been expected in view of the large amounts of funds being paid out at this time in interest and dividends. The uncertainty as to the outcome of the grain crops, of course, may, to some extent, restrict commitments on the Stock Exchange, especially those of a speculative character, but this will correct itself later on a more definite knowledge as to the agricultural outturn. The troubles of the coal company at Glace Bay with their miners have not had any serious effect on the prices of that class of security. Many would-be speculators, no doubt, have been deterred from entering the market; but the big men seem to have almost perfect control of the situation, and have even advanced prices. The absence of any weakness in stocks is the best proof of their being in strong hands. If it had not been so, if stocks had been in weak hands, there would, doubtless, have been considerable liquidation. The midsummer dullness has also contributed to the apathy. The cheapness of money, with the prospect of a fair supply at reasonable rates the coming autumn, is a factor of considerable importance which will greatly aid in sustaining prices of securities. Should the yield of grain be no larger than last year, the volume of currency needed to move the crops must naturally be greater this autumn owing to the higher prices of nearly all produce; but in spite of this, it is generally thought that the banks will not find it necessary to resort to "emergency currency." The bank circulation is now around $68,000,000, and this may be increased about $30,000,000 before the legal limit is reached. At the present time prospects are bright for good average crops. The fact that there are no reserves of grains from previous years, makes the outlook for high prices encouraging, and the belief exists that farmers are to be well paid for their labors this year. This is taken as meaning that the various industries throughout the country will be called upon to enlarge their output, and the distribution of goods will be increased. Consequently, the railways and transportation companies are anticipating a steady enlargement in their merchandise and miscellaneous traffic.

C. P. R. Dividend.

A good many tips have been in circulation lately as to an increase in dividends on the common stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The regular July meeting of the board of directors was slated for Monday last, at which it was expected a definite announcement would be made in regard to dividends. However, the meeting was postponed on account of the absence of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president, who was not in Montreal. It is now said that no meeting will be held

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — West Toronto

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
An account may be opened by the deposit of $1—on which interest will be allowed.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000
It is often a convenience to business men to transact their banking with an institution operating a large number of branches spread over a wide territory, and located in the important business centres. The Northern Crown Bank has over eighty branches throughout Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, and all the important cities and towns are included in the list.
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Toronto Office 48 Yonge St

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - $1,277,404.49

BEST APPRECIATED WHERE BEST KNOWN
While The Great-West Life Assurance Company is writing a very large business in all parts of Canada, it is in Manitoba, the Home Province, where the most notable results are being accomplished.
Not only was The Great-West considerably in advance of all the Companies in respect to premium receipts in Manitoba during 1908, but whereas the avtrage GAIN of all the Companies in this respect over the previous year was 2.2 per cent., The Great-West gained 12.5 per cent.
The moral is clear. If those most intimately acquainted with the Company endorse its Policies in this way, others at a distance can well afford to follow their lead.
Ask for personal rates—giving date of birth.
The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Head Office: WINNIPEG
Ontario Office 18 Toronto St., TORONTO

What can be better than a Canadian Bond issued by a Canadian Company in a business that is the backbone of Canada? We offer such a Bond to yield almost 5¼ per cent. Principal and interest absolutely secure.
W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High Grade Bonds
222 St. James Street
MONTREAL

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 76.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the 2nd day of August next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., June 16th, 1909.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of G. H. MUMM & Co. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

BREDIN'S
HOME-MADE
BREAD

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

Bredin's breads have become popular solely on their quality merits.

For instance—the home-made loaf has thousands of patrons daily because it is the ideal loaf for family use. Just a good, all round, wholesome loaf, pleases everyone in the home—and is always the same.

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bake Shops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 701. Bloor and Dundas streets. Phone Parkdale 1505.

COSGRAVE'S
XXX PORTER
AT ALL HOTELS

BUT ONE QUALITY—
THE HIGHEST :: :: ::
AT ALL DEALERS

until August, when action will be taken on the dividend matter. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether the dividend will be increased. One report is that a straight dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum will be declared, and another is that the distribution from land sales will be increased from 1 to 2 per cent. per annum. The stock has become quite active in New York, and it is one of the strongest railway issues listed there. It is selling around the highest price of the year, or nearly 20 points above the low price of last March.

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Sovereign Liquidation. There were no sensational developments at the meeting of the shareholders of the Sovereign Bank on Tuesday. A steady liquidation of the assets of that institution has been going on, and the easy financial situation in Canada has greatly aided the officers in their work. The shareholders, likewise, have participated in the benefits resulting from the ease in monetary affairs, and prospective good times. Debts due other banks have been liquidated to the extent of more than a million dollars the past year, and liabilities have been reduced nearly four millions, leaving only $4,688,000 to liquidate. The bank has a nominal surplus of $1,842,888, and a call on the shareholders under the double liability clause, is thought not to be likely. The most uncertain assets, presumably those to which President Jarvis referred, are the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railway. In his report, Mr. Jarvis says:—"We explained last year that no reduction could possibly be placed upon certain large assets, and while some of those particular assets have since been liquidated without loss, the greater portion is still in an uncertain position, and for some months to come it will not be possible to place an intelligent valuation on them. A large part are secured by collateral, the value of which depends on the results of the reorganization of railway enterprises now in the hands of receivers.

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Check to Speculation. The Canadian banks, says an United States paper, are seriously discussing the refusal to accept as collateral stocks of non-dividend corporations, which have only a manipulative value. There are millions of dollars' worth, in face value, of such stocks which pay no dividends and with little or no hope of ever paying. They possess a price because manipulation causes them to fluctuate, but such trading is simply speculating in air. If all banks refused to accept them as collateral, they would soon seek their proper level at zero, or the manipulators who fatten off their fluctuations would devise some way to squeeze out the water and make the corporations pay dividends.

There are railroad and industrial corporations by the score whose capital stock represents simply notes for control. If the loanable value were taken from such stocks, promoters would not find it unprofitable to deal in them. The Canadian plan aims a blow at wildcat financiering and in the end will benefit honest enterprises. Few bankers would knowingly make a loan on a gold brick because the borrower insisted that he could work it off on someone for real money, but millions of dollars are loaned every year on stock merely because it is quoted on the stock market.

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Dominion Bank. The Dominion is one of the few Canadian banks that show a balance sheet oftener than once a year. It might be a step in the right direction if other institutions followed the lead of the Bank of Montreal and the Dominion Bank in issuing half-yearly statements. Net profits of the Dominion were $309,171 for the half year, as compared with $323,386 for the first half of 1908. After the dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. are paid, there remains a balance of profit and loss carried forward of $373,153, compared with $302,996 from December 31. The reserve fund is now $4,982,070, or $1,000,000 more than the capital. Turning to the balance sheet, deposits show a gain of nearly $6,000,000, or over 15 per cent. They aggregate $40,820,000, a remarkable line for a bank with a capital of only $3,983,700. Cash assets amount to $11,511,875, as against $10,167,444 a year ago Discounts increased $361,000, and the total amount is $29,044,000.

***

Wheat Acreage. The recent official report of the Government shows that the expansion in wheat area in the West continues on a good scale. The census and statistical bureau of the Dominion shows that the gain in seeded acreage of wheat in the three big Northwestern Provinces was 1,254,000 acres, thus bringing the total up to 6,878,000 acres. This indicates a slight decrease in the area in this province and other portions of the Dominion, as the total gain for all was but 1,140,000 acres over last year, the total being 7,750,000 acres for the whole of Canada.

***

Dearer Cotton. The prices of cotton in New York are climbing toward 13c. This compares with 9½c. a year ago. The rise is apparently ignored in Wall street, but if the staple keeps on soaring, the stock market will be obliged to take notice. Unquestionably, growing conditions in the United States have deteriorated since the first reports indicating a yield of more than 13,000,000 bales. The next monthly report, therefore, will be waited with interest. A bumper yield at 12c. would be preferable to a poor crop at 15c., even though the fact may be disputed by many growers. The prices of wool, also, are higher than for some years. Washed combings here are now quoted at 21c. to 22½c., as against 14c. to 15c. a year ago. The cost of living is high enough, but it is aggravated by dear cotton and wool.

The Indian and Education.

By F. ONONDEYOH LOFT (Mohawk).

ASSOCIATED with the question of a proper and modern educational system is the imperative necessity that the government should allow some latitude to the Indian, when sufficiently advanced, in the conduct and management of his own affairs. The string of authority should be relaxed when advisable. A mistaken idea too often prevails in official minds that responsibility must ever remain where it has been placed. This is a weakness of those who are doubtless more interested in the importance of their own position, the safety and permanency of their emoluments, than in devising measures to promote the advancement and welfare of their charges. From those who are most closely identified with the Indian communities should naturally come the advice, suggestion and counsel determining the policy of management. At least that is what we would naturally expect.

In the Canadian reports of the work in this department is to be found also a sad lack of the constructive idea. The annual reports of the agents of the Government are simply a rehash from year to year. They are neither interesting nor encouraging to the reader in search of practical results or endeavor. The isolation of these officials, often beyond the precincts of the Reservation, leaves them more or less only passively acquainted with Indian social and moral conditions. Little or no concern is manifested in the internal and economic phases of Indian life. Their visits are understood to be confined to a routine order, adhering only to the strict demands of business connected with the people, or those of a social nature at public functions. Such a thing as an official visit taking the form of an inspection tour through the community, extending the glad hand, perhaps, and good advice, is unheard of. Still more rarely does a higher official look over the situation and see what is being done and what is necessary.

We are a people peculiarly susceptible to the higher influences—inquisitive, and glad to hear good and wise counsel. And when this is not forthcoming there is a general disappointment. It is a pleasure to hear something at once instructive and useful—something material and educative as an aid in the great process of our transition.

Everything is left to the discretion of the agents, who in a majority of cases, I venture to say, are really indifferent to the Indian's welfare in Canada, or for the mission of the offices they fill. They have no greater concern, perhaps, than the performance of the routine work or the anticipation of the coming of the monthly pay cheque. I think the wide-awake element of our people will agree with me that there is "deadness" all along the line. We are in need of men of force and ideas capable of urging upon the Minister of Interior and Parliament what is necessary in the matter of Indian education. Yet the experience of an inspector who once advised the Department of the wishes of a tribe upon an important matter regarding their advancement was in due course politely informed to mind his own business. This is the position, and yet it is said that the Indian is a laggard and has failed to come up to expectations.

If the Indian is still the laggard he is claimed to be by his critics, I will say, he is not so much to be censured when the fact is taken into account that we, in this country, at least, have to deal with an indifferent government and indifferent officials. In speaking of the government, I do not refer to any particular party or men. If the executive has not the time to deal with the Indian question why not employ men of the calibre of Mr. Francis E. Leupp, of Washington, to deal with the issue? I have had sufficient experience with the Indian department in a business and suggestive sense to satisfy me that there is really no serious intention there of allowing men of the advanced, capable Indian to be placed upon his own responsibility.

The Indian Act, beyond being a mere regulation law, and designed to safeguard the Indian's land from the encroachment of the white man, is of no particular value. The advancement clauses of the Act are inoperative and a dead letter in their present shape. The same can be said of the legislation as to the liquor traffic on the Reserves, which lack the machinery and the necessary appropriation for its inforcement. For many years there were places on the Reserve of the Six Nations where liquor was openly sold by dissolute Indians, creating conditions that became intolerable to the respectable and law-abiding community. These conditions, it was commonly stated, were not without the knowledge of the then Commissioner, who as a government officer, made no effort to bring the offenders to justice. The people themselves, fearing reprisals, were lothe to lodge the complaints and an appeal was finally made to the department at Ottawa, but the answer was that it was up to the people to make the complaint. There was no redress until the matter was brought to the notice of the Ontario License department which has practically no jurisdiction on the premises. Thanks to the department and the government, however, since their sleuths have been brought into requisition, the sale of liquor at the grocery and cross-road houses has been practically ended.

How much truth can be taken from what we hear about these agents from Indians who have gone the distance of stating their agent was apparently against their taking any advanced step towards independence or self-government? I am inclined to give such a statement some credence, knowing something about the experiences of the Six Nations, who are really in a position to do their business direct with the government.

In the United States, as a final step in the disintegration of the old system, the policy of doing away with every agency possible and placing the affairs of groups of Indians in charge of a bonded day-school teacher or farmer, who will report direct to the Commissioner without the intervention of an agent. He will thus come into direct official contact with the man "who personally meets the Indians in their every day life and can report on their condition and requirements from intimate knowledge." This will more and more individualize the Indians and give them a home counsellor who is himself a representative of the Washington government. Their business matters, it is needless to say, will be more expediliously and intelligently acted upon than through the former roundabout mechanism.

Whatever the mistakes of the past may be, the path of civilization among the little ones should not take the form of snapping all the ties of affection between them and parents, and teaching them to despise the aged and now progressive members of the family. The sensible as well as the human plan is to nourish their love of father and mother and home, and then to utilize this affection as a means of reaching through them the hearts of the elders.

The day school must be the outpost of Indian civilization of the young, while the ingenuous, tactful and painstaking official will be able at all times—if so disposed—to create a useful and lasting influence among the adults. In any event the future of the Indian entirely depends upon the future education of the young on the most modern basis.

Francis Asbury Carman, writing on "Pro-Confederation Sentiment in Newfoundland," in the July Canadian Magazine, says:—The political leader who should to-day appeal to the Newfoundland electorate on the question of Confederation would be disastrously defeated. But on the day when the leader of a party in the Island Colony makes up his mind to risk temporary defeat for the purpose of accomplishing Confederation, that day brings union between Newfoundland and Canada within the horizon of the proximate future. That leader must—unless the financial exigencies of the Island bring him extraneous aid—face an arduous campaign of education, but it will be a campaign crowned with victory.

Major Baden-Powell, who became famous for his part in the war in South Africa, is the inventor of a man-lifting kite, and has made many ascents in it.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi Janos

MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, July 14, 1909.

FOR a time it looked as if the wars of 1776 and 1812 were all to be fought over again in the columns of The New York Times. An editorial on "The Ultra-British Canadian," written in the paternal strain of that worthy paper, got the "goat" (I believe that is the latest) of certain patriotic Canadians hereabout, with the result that some old loyalist muskets were promptly taken down and levelled at the "mischievous, misleading and erroneous statements." It was a spirited engagement while it lasted and gave a far more convincing sense of historic reality than those painted Indian encounters, for instance, we have been reviewing on Lake Champlain. Compared to this, in fact, the exercises on that historic lake were as tame as a country fair or a Greet pastoral. The heat and the imminence of July Fourth must have had something to do with this exhibition of Canadian ire. Under ordinary conditions the average Canadian's blood can hardly be accused of "boiling," as The Times alleges, over the "defeats of 1776 and 1812. Certainly under ordinary circumstances, it would not have boiled at The Times's editorial.

The ultra British Canadian is a special product well known in the home market and for many years was the merry stock-in-trade of home paragraphers and cartoonists. One could almost name the examples. These facts are mentioned merely to prove our own native sense of humor. The pity is that The Times's articles should have uncovered another youthful batch or that exile should be producing them. In Canada the following will be read with as much amusement as in The Times office:

"The loyalists love their Canada, and the memories of the cruel wrongs inflicted upon them in the past, which you have in such a cavalier style seen proper to assume when you reminded them of old injuries in your editorials, will forever nerve them to keep inviolate their glorious Canada, its laws and institutions, from the assault of the twice-told aggressor, and to press forward to the manifold destiny which also awaits them in a greater degree than the American rebel."

* * *

OUTSIDERS who have been following the New York record of crimes lately will be convinced that we are a bad lot—especially if he has been reading recent police history. Concern for the safety of friends on these crime-strewn streets might even be justified. The calendar is pretty full, we admit, and we might even confess to the "bad lot." Nevertheless, apprehension is still needless. We still pass to and fro to our daily labor and pleasures in comparative safety. The serious feature of the situation is the apparent inability of the police to apprehend any one of the half dozen murderers wanted.

All clues have been run to ground in the case of Elsie Sigel, the victim of that sordid Oriental infatuation, and her "Christianized" lover and murderer has apparently made good his escape. There has perhaps resulted a timely lesson to young women missionaries, though even of that we are not sure. The Bersin case has similarly been given up and a woman brutally murdered in a tenement has not even been identified. The murderer in this case coolly washed himself at a soda fountain and along with the slayer of old man Pogona, who was shot in his room, has been swallowed up in that sea of mystery that covers all Italian crimes.

* * *

MEANWHILE the open mistrust of the present police administration, and the administration of justice in magistrates' courts is not reassuring. The charge is freely made that the Mayor's conduct in deposing Commissioner Bingham, was designed to bring the police force under the control of Tammany Hall and the politicians. Circumstances lend color to the charge. An election is due in the fall and this important ally of the ballot box must be secured at any cost. Bingham was no friend of the politician, his honesty is unquestioned, and under his administration the police could not be counted to help their friends overmuch.

Whether the Mayor fell into the trap carefully laid for him or found the pressure too strong to resist is a matter for conjecture. We are promised the truth of the whole matter in the fall, when General Bingham returns from his summer holiday in Nova Scotia. He has promised to stump on an anti-Tammany platform, and has even been spoken of as the Mayoralty candidate of the Fusionists. If he scores as heavily on the stump as he did in the correspondence between himself and the Mayor, he will prove an aggressive campaigner. His letter to the Mayor which brought about his dismissal will have a conspicuous place in the police history of New York.

* * *

FAILURE to re-appoint a magistrate who had the endorsement of all the better elements of Brooklyn, has brought the Mayor under further condemnation. It is also responsible for a vigorous denunciation of the condition of magistrate's courts in that Borough from the Committee of One Hundred:

"The rottenness of the administration of justice in the city magistrates' courts in Brooklyn is shown by the sworn testimony of the magistrates and other witnesses before the Commission to investigate inferior criminal courts. . . . This Commission will recommend legislation through which the system may be improved, but no system can bring complete relief unless the personnel of the courts is changed. . . . In a borough which once boasted of its freedom from the social evil, a district has become infested with disorderly resorts and numerous cases have been dismissed against persons charged with crime."

A few weeks ago I remarked that on account of the negative quality of Mayor McClellan's administration, there seemed to be no crying demand for reform or reformers. It would now seem that the Mayor has come to the rescue of his political enemies and provided the necessary scandal for a vigorous anti-Tammany campaign.

* * *

THE Suffragettes here have been in evidence this past week, though not to the point of dividing attention with police and other matters of public interest. It was a week of money-getting for them in which they resorted to some highly novel and, as it proved, highly entertaining proceedings. On one afternoon a committee of three invaded the Polo Grounds for the purpose of selling matches. The next afternoon they stationed themselves at the doors of the Stock Exchange at an hour calculated to catch the outward rush of bulls and bears. Members of the Exchange as they came out were buttonholed for the price of a fan or Suffragette magazine. Protests were useless for the most part, for the ladies were quite equal to holding up their victims until they disgorged. Office windows in that neighborhood proved an excellent point of vantage from which miles of ticker tape, imprecations and even lemons, were cast on the crowd below. It was a jolly afternoon for Wall Street. Next day the same trio, clad in long streamers, appeared in City Hall Square with a hand organ. The organ had been hired from an Italian who stood conveniently by to make the necessary changes. Whether by malice or accident, the first tune that yielded to Miss Murphy's turn at the crank was, "No Wedding Bells for Me." It was quickly shut off, of course, and another substituted, but not until the crowd had taken in the import and covered the young organist with confusion. The proceeds of the venture are said to have been $5.49, of which five went to the Italian for the use of his organ. Nevertheless, the ladies reported themselves as satisfied that they had advanced the great cause.

* * *

ANOTHER inquiry into Thaw's present sanity is in progress. Whether or not these repeated efforts procure his release, they at least provide the wealthy lunatic an annual outing. For pending the trial he has been kept in the hospital ward of the county jail, where he is reported as "greatly pleased with his new surroundings." The application to transfer the trial to New York county was denied. The hearing is consequently taking place in the district in which he is confined. If a sense of humor were a test of sanity, Thaw's case would be hopeless. In a letter published over his own signature regarding this decision, he writes:

> "Judge Gaynor is a steadfast upholder of American institutions. His opinion against my commitment without due process of law, is unanswerable, unless our fundamental rules of justice are forgotten."

Thaw invoking "fundamental rules of justice!" But then, of course, the letter may have been written by his counsel. We should not judge too hastily.

* * *

EVERY member of the Canadian Club of New York will mourn the untimely death of Francis W. Cusman, Representative in Congress from Tacoma, Washington. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Cushman was the club's guest of honor at its annual banquet, and delivered one of those humorous after dinner speeches for which he was famous. In appearance unusually tall, gaunt, narrow-shouldered, with a long craning neck, small, narrow head and high cheek bones, he reminded one strongly of the homely Lincoln. A stranger to almost everyone at start, his droll, first words and twinkling eye had the diners wreathed in smiles from the outset. Little did we think the smile was to fade so soon and the friend we had made pass forever out of sight.

He took a prominent part in the debates in the House and I believe did not particularly covet the reputation of a mere humorist. On one occasion at least he showed himself a vigorous fighter as well as humorist. It was during his insurgency when he proceeded to take the hide off the House Organization and the Speaker. After describing the course of a bill to the calendar, he asked, "What does a member do who has obtained that position for a bill in which his constituents are interested? He either consents that the bill may die upon the calendar or he puts his manhood and his individuality in his pocket and goes trotting down that little pathway of personal humiliation that leads to where? to the Speaker's room. All the glories that clustered around the holy of holies in King Solomon's temple looked like thirty cents, yes, looked like twenty-nine cents compared to that jobbing department of this government."

J. E. W.

Life of an Opera Singer.

MADAME EMMA EAMES, who recently announced her retirement from the operatic stage, has written a farewell word to her American public. The valedictory is, in a way, a short, sketchy autobiography, and is peculiarly interesting because of the light it throws upon her more personal and domestic life. We quote in part from Putman's Magazine:

"From the moment when, on the occasion of my *debut* at the Grand Opera House in Paris, the public frantically applauded me, until to-day, I have always been obliged to drive myself onto the stage. As I went on as Juliet for the first time, I did so filled with illusion and forgetting even my own personality. When the public first into applause, I was filled with horror, that it was I they were applauding; instead of elating it terrified me. I fought my way out of that, of course, even on the first occasion; but, for years, to sing in concert was not only a torture but an impossibility. I could only face the public in some one else's personality. I say that the American public has made my career a possibility by sending me the wave of affectionate encouragement and pride in my achievements without which I should have been paralized. I am terribly sensitive to atmospheres, and in order to do my work I had to surround myself with an impenetrable wall—an armor of apparent indifference."

Madame Eames's "great loves in life" are "nature in all her moods, animals, and beauty, and above all to lead a normal life." She continues:

"There is nothing of the gipsy in me, and my life has been nomadic in the extreme. The result of all this driving has been frequent physical and nervous breakdowns, which I concealed and overcame in silence. To be pitied is to fail to excite enthusiasm. The man with a grievance is invariably a social leper. To me a large city is a prison. . . . I shall never again imprison myself in bricks and mortar for a season of opera."

Referring back to her operatic beginnings, Madame Eames says further:

"Many were the evenings in those first years, when, after frequent recalls, and the public at the highest pitch of enthusiasm, I drove home crying with discouragement. My subjective and objective mind are quite separate, and in addition to singing my opera and acting it, I was criticizing myself as I went along. Instead of being driven to madness, I have put all that anguish behind me; but I now wish rest and change, and above all to live the normal life of a gentlewoman."

For stealing sixty-five cents a New York thief was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. As the Detroit Free Press remarks, how New York does hate a piker!

The Memphis Commercial Appeal points out that the consumer is now traveling under the alias of the summer boarder.

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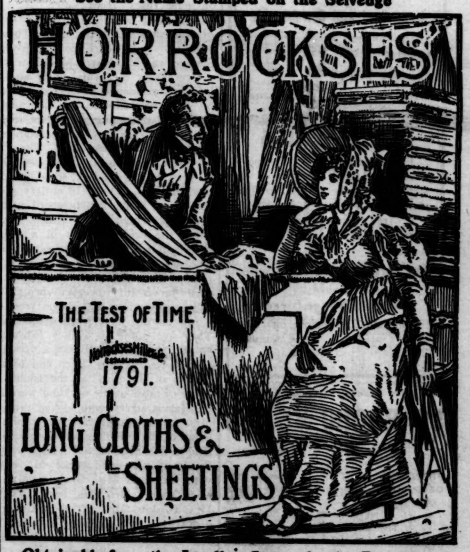

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Mary Isabelle Hoskin, second daughter of Mrs. Alfred Hoskin of 583 Avenue road, and Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis, of Summerside, P.E.I., was solemnized in Christ Church, Deer Park, on Wednesday, July 14, at 4.45 o'clock, Rev. T. W. Patterson, rector of the church, and Rev. Mr. Ladbrook, the assistant minister, officiating. Mr. Arlidge played the bridal music and during the signing of the register Mr. Augustus Arlidge sang a beautiful solo. It was not a large gathering that assembled to witness the ceremony, the relatives and very old friends of the bride and her people and some members of the well-known Toronto family with which the groom is connected making up a party of a hundred or more guests. The day was ideal, a fresh breeze tempering the heat, and the sylvan ways by which guests came from the west to the little church on the hill were shady and sweet with the fragrance of flowering trees. The Hoskin family lived for many happy years almost within speaking distance of Christ Church, and it was natural that the bride should wish her wedding to be solemnized within its familiar walls. Mr. Jarvis and his best man, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, 246 St. George street, waited at the chancel steps for the bride, who was brought in by her brother, Mr. Erskine Hoskin of Winnipeg, and attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Winifred Hoskin, her sister, and Miss Marion Kenny, of Mimico. The bride wore a dainty gown of lace, with hem and folds of satin, and heavy silk embroideries giving a rich and novel effect. A most original necklet, formed of strung nuggets brought out by Mr. Jarvis from the Cobalt mines, was his gift to his bride and she wore it on her pretty gown at the wedding. Her veil was arranged off the face, in crisp folds, and was of tulle hemmed with silk, some said it was the same veil which had been worn by her handsome mother at her bridal, but it looked as fresh as a creation of yesterday. The bouquet was of white sweet peas and carnations mingled with ferns. Miss Winifred Hoskin, who was first bridesmaid, and her sister maid wore delicate white mull and lace frocks, and half-wreaths of pink roses, from which floated most becoming veils of tulle hemmed with silk. They carried pink sweet peas, and wore pearl crosses, given by the groom. Dr. Stewart and Mr. Harry McMillan were the ushers. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Mrs. Hoskin's residence in Avenue road, where a reception was held, Mrs. Hoskin in a handsomely embroidered black net gown welcoming the guests at the door and the bride and groom receiving congratulations just beyond in the large square entrance hall. The gifts were arranged in the drawing-room and were very handsome and artistic, all sorts of lovely silver, some heirlooms, and some in the latest designs, cabinets of cutlery and table silver, pictures and china, and a certificate of valuable stock which the groom presented to his bride. Rev. Mr. Patterson proposed the bride's health in a neat and complimentary speech, and Mr. Jarvis responded amid cheers and singing. The dejeuner was served from a buffet in the dining-room. Then the bride changed her dress and Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis left on their bridal journey, followed by clouds of confetti and cheers from the men who even in a few months have learned the groom's sterling quality. They are going to Prince Edward Island, Mr. Jarvis' native place, and will take a driving trip from Summerside to Georgetown, from end to end of the "charming garden in the sea," as the island was lately described. Some of those at the wedding were Mrs. Frederick Jarvis, 252 Jarvis street, who looked remarkably well; Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, brother and sister of the groom; Mrs. Williamson, the bride's grandmother, one of Toronto's most kind and charitable old ladies, whose name is a byword for devotion to good works; Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Baldwin, Mrs. and Miss Graham, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Maule, Mr., Mrs. and Miss McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. Fletcher Snider, the Misses Hedley, the Misses Jarvis, Miss Queenie Hoskin, Mrs. and Mr. Rex Northcote, Mrs. Graham Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Jack Fisken, the Misses Wilkes, Dr. Baldwin. The bride travelled in a white and brown striped Panama suit and small hat with flower trimmings.

The Crown Princess of Rouman'a.

Dr. Smith, 311 Jarvis street, and his daughter, Mrs. Len McMurray, went to England for a short visit.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott and her young son, left for Newfoundland on Wednesday, going by steamer to Montreal. Mr. A. Curtis Williamson is in Sydney, C. B., the guest of Mr. James Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Lash are entertaining their daughters, Mrs. McMillan, of Princeton, and Mrs. Jackson, of Chicago, and their husbands, at their Island in Muskoka Lakes.

Some of the Toronto people at the Wa-Wa, Lake of Bays, are Mrs. Duff Scott and Mrs. George Broughall.

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross are summering at St. Andrews, N.B.

Dinner at the Yacht Club is a proper caper these days. The fortnightly dances are a thing of the past, but the dinners, with a quiet smoke or informal hop, and the cosy five-o'clock teas on the balcony are appreciated by the usual coteries.

Mrs. Charles Reid has her daughter from St. Louis on a summer visit at her home at Centre Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Capon, of Earl street, celebrated their golden wedding this week, a dinner at the Lambton Club on Monday, and a reception and a presentation of a purse of gold from their descendants on Tuesday evening, being some of the festivities. Friends living near the happy old bride and groom sent them a basket of roses, one for each year, which was set in the centre of the supper table. The sons, Dr. Capon, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Charles Capon, of Boston, and their wives, and Dr. F. J. Capon and Mrs. Cook, of Toronto, Mrs. Sinclair and Miss Capon, of New York, were the immediate relatives at the celebration.

Miss Helen Morrison, daughter of Judge Morrison, of Picton, is to prolong her visit to friends in town for another week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McWhinney are in England for the summer.

On Thursday, July 8, the marriage of Miss Nora Beatrice Rogers, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Z. Rogers, and Captain W. M. B. King, of Cobalt, son of Colonel F. King, M.D., of St. Catharines, took place in St. George's Church, Grafton, at two o'clock. The bride was gowned in rich white Duchess satin, with Duchess lace and pearl trimmings, and wore a pearl necklet and pendant, the gift of the groom, a veil of tulle and crown of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was a shower of roses and lilies. Colonel Rogers brought in his daughter and gave her away, and her attendants were Miss Evelyn Smith, her cousin, of Owen Sound, and a fascinating little quartette, two pages and two flower girls, Master and Miss Merritt and Master and Miss Ross. The bridesmaid wore pink mull and carried pink roses; the little flower girls were in white with baskets of rose leaves, which they scattered in the path of the bride. Mr. Douglas Jemmett, of Cobalt, was best man, and the ushers who led the bride's procession were Mr. Garnet Chaplin of St. Catharines and Mr. Herman Rogers, brother of the bride. "Woodside," the home of the bride, was en fete for the happy event, and there her father and mother received the guests after the ceremony. The dejeuner was set in a marquee on the lawn. Captain and Mrs. King are honeymooning down the St. Lawrence, and will make their home later on in Cobalt.

The Toronto Women's Press Club gave a tea yesterday for Miss Littleton, of New Zealand, who is visiting here. Under the pen-name of G. B. Lankester, Miss Littleton has written short stories for several magazines.

Mr. Reginald Northcote has sold his charming residence, 70 Lowther avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and their son, and nephew, Master Frank Harrison, have gone to the West coast.

The wedding bells, which have chimed so continuously for the past six weeks, are now silent for the season. Already, however, a number of weddings are dated for the early autumn. I hear that Miss Kerr, of Rathnelly, and Mr. George Cassels, are to be married in September.

Persistent rumors concerning two popular sisters continue to circulate, and the gossips have now decided on a double wedding in the autumn. I hear that the engagement of the elder sister was mentioned at a dinner given at her home recently, but not for publication.

Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank, is visiting Mrs. McKeen, of Halifax.

Owing to the recent decease of the bride's father, the marriage of Miss Isabel Ryerson, daughter of the late C. Egerton Ryerson, and Mr. Arthur Maybee, of Brandon, was celebrated as quietly as possible at the bride's home in Cecil street last Tuesday. Rev. Mr. Broughall, of St. Stephen's, officiating. The bride had just recovered from an operation for appendicitis, and all the trouble and illness which have clouded her days lately, have made the good wishes of her many affectionate friends unusually fervid. Mrs. Maybee was the most lovable of girls, and all who know her husband are aware how fully he appreciates her. That their years may be long and happy, is the hearty wish of hosts of friends.

Mrs. Sterling Dean has taken her little ones to Southampton for the vacation.

Mrs. Thompson and Miss Whitney, daughters of Sir James Whitney, will spend the vacation at Minnicog.

Mrs. Clinch and Miss Gladys Murton are at the seaside.

Mr. and Mrs. Pollman Evans are in Muskoka for the season.

Major and Mrs. Napier Keefer and their family, are at Fenelon Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Beauchamp, of Wellington, New Zealand, announce the engagement of their daughter, Vera Margaret, to Mr. James Mackintosh Bell, Director New Zealand Geological Survey, and son of Andrew Bell, Esq., C.E., of Almonte, Ontario. The marriage will take place toward the end of September.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the portrait painter, is at present travelling in Europe, where he is visiting the different art centres, and spending a vacation among studios and pictures. He will return to Toronto in September.

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Our designs are distinctive. We use only fresh flowers and, owning and operating our own Conservatories, assure our patrons that only fresh flowers are used.
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can be entrusted with your steamer orders and are enabled to deliver flowers on board all steamers leaving any port either in Canada or United States. A trial is sufficient evidence of our claim. We guarantee safe delivery anywhere.

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We make a specialty of designing the plantings for city and suburban property. No charge made for sketches and suggestions. STONE & WELLINGTON, Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

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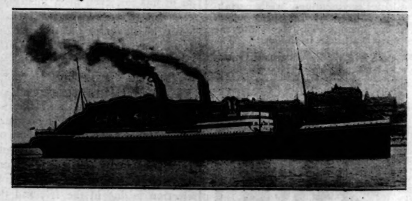

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Hold the ATLANTIC RECORDS Between Canadian Ports and Liverpool.
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ONE of the points of supreme merit in a Chicago Jewel Gas Range is the heat distribution and circulation in the ovens. It roasts or bakes perfectly. That is why it has become America's popular home range. It's product is always perfectly satisfactory to even the most exacting cook.

Will be glad to show you this and other styles.
The illustration shows Range No. 172. It has a four-burner top, a convenient high shelf, roller top warming closet, baking and boiling ovens. The ovens are 18 1-2 inches wide by 18 1-2 inches deep. It is built for all-round work, and altogether is an ideal range.
McDonald & Willson, 187 Yonge St.
Gas and Electric Fixtures

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

RECENT number of The Independent contains these r— on the decline of the habit ing aloud:

number of volumes of fresh published is increasing, year and the old poets are sold in quantity, yet there is a gen- ression that there is less po- than there used to be, that ger generation does not have for it that their elders had. pression we believe to be and we account for it largely decline in the habit of reading For poetry is based on and when no sound is heard merely a vexatiously awk- ay of saying things. There ople with such strong imaginations that they can read a page of music and get the enjoyment out of it as by hearing it played, and there are persons of the same type who can read poetry silently with as much satisfaction as aloud, but such gifted individuals are rare, and they are getting rarer as the auditory faculties are nowadays less developed.

"The decay of the habit of reading aloud comes from the multiplicity of books and of lights. The fireplace was once literally the focus of the family. This was the age of story telling, of the saga. Old and

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, Author of "Adrift on an Ice Pan," just issued by William Briggs, publisher, Toronto.

young listened to the monologue, their eyes on the flickering flames. Next came the time when the lamp was made the centre of the circle, usually only a single reading light and but one new book or magazine, therefore one reader to several listeners. It was the age of the leisurely novel, of the continued story. Some books are to be chewed, some are to be Fletcherized to bring out the full flavor. This practice of reading together for weeks and months the same book gave the family a unity that it has since lost, for now the family has no focus.

"Every member to the smallest reader has his individual reading matter as he has his individual butter and salt holders. Magazines are cheap, and books can be had for nothing. Every room is heated and lighted, and everybody in the family is independent. If they all eat together once a day it is by a special effort, and to read together is still rarer. Consequently there is no community of interest, no common theme of conversation. They read different things, think in different ways and speak in different dialects. This reduces the uniting bond of the family to mutual affection alone, and that this is not sufficient to stand the strain of the centrifugal forces of the individualism of to-day is becoming increasingly manifest. The family needs a new focus."

The Independent writer, while deploring certain modern literary tendencies has quite clearly been carried away by at least one of those regrettable tendencies himself. It seems to be the chief aim of many literary workers, of most journalists, nowadays, to say something new and striking at any sacrifice of truth or logic. Old-fashioned writers were content to offer their readers "food for thought," but your brisk, modern writer thinks it necessary to make people sit up and surprise them with taking what they give them, whether it is real nourishment or only a bromide. The Independent writer does well in urging that the family ought to have a "community of interest, a common theme of conversation." He is right when he says that the habit of reading aloud in the old days when books were scarce constituted a family bond which might with profit be revived and cultivated. But why should he preface his excellent counsel by stating that the full significance and charm of poetry can only be enjoyed by its being read aloud? This is only saying something new —and untrue.

The reader that gets the most out of a poem reads it quietly and alone when he feels in the mood for giving himself up to its beauties. When a discriminating, imaginative reader comes upon a fine piece of verse that is new to him, whether it be in an old book or a recent magazine or newspaper, he peruses it at once wherever he may be, but later he takes it home and reads it again and again in a quiet hour. He may hear it recited by a dozen understanding readers, but to really enjoy the poem he must sit and be still and "follow the gleam" of it into a world to whose most enchanted places the voice of no interpreter, however trained and sympathetic, can ever take him.

I am convinced that to the most successful reader — and there are surely many such here and there—the printed page holds a charm more potent than that of the theatre, the opera house, the concert hall, or the art gallery. The man that gets the very highest enjoyment from books is always more or less conscious of the presence of an interpreter when he listens to music, or witnesses a play, or looks upon a painted picture. The interpreter may be a genius and he may thrill the bookman through and through, for the successful reader always has an appreciation of other arts; but when the thorough reader turns to his favorite books he feels that he is in direct contact with the mysteries of inspiration. To the enthusiastic lover of the stage, the play's the thing. To the keen musician nothing is so moving as music, even indifferently interpreted. To the painter there is but one supreme art. And so it is with the man who reads best; for him only in books are dreams untrammeled, and gentlest laughter, the highest uplift, the perfect illusion. Skillful exponents of other arts may bring the moisture to his eyes, but on the printed page as he sits alone, fall his unconscious, unchecked tears.

* * *

For some time J. A. Hammerton has been preparing "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," a companion volume to his "Stevensoniana," and the manuscript has just been delivered to his London publisher, Grant Richards. The book, which will appear this month, was originally intended as a souvenir of Meredith's birthday.

* * *

Jerome K. Jerome says that the author of "Man and Superman" may in time, become the Mrs. Humphrey Ward of the stage.

* * *

In a small volume, entitled "Adrift on an Ice Pan," just published by William Briggs, Toronto, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the hero of the Labrador coast, tells the story of a terrible experience through which he passed on the twenty-first of April, 1908. On Easter Sunday of that year a messenger came hurrying to Dr. Grenfell at St. Anthony to get him to attend an urgent case sixty miles away. The doctor set off at once with his dog team. At nightfall he was twenty miles on his way, and next day he meant to make the remaining forty miles of his journey, ten miles of it across the ice on an arm of the sea. A quarter mile from his landing-point the ice broke up and the doctor found himself and his dogs drifting out to sea on an ice pan. Swimming was out of the question, as in all directions there was no open water, but "slob," or pounded ice. In the struggle to reach the pan with his dogs, the doctor lost most of his outer garments and all of his supplies. At considerable risk he killed three of his dogs, and wrapt the hide about him to keep him from freezing, and, being full of resource as well as courage, he resorted to many remarkable expedients to keep alive and attract attention from the shore. When at last he gave up hope of a rescue he says he did not experience fear. But he came to balancing in his mind the idea of doing away with himself if he should pass, starving and weather-beaten, to the open sea. All night he drifted, and at dawn he tied together the leg bones of the dead dogs and used them for a flag pole, taking his shirt for a flag. But to get any adequate idea of the doctor's adventure one must read his own story of it, in the Briggs volume, where it is supplemented by a brief account of his rescue, told in Newfoundland dialect by one of his rescuers.

PERCY SHELLEY BYSSHE, A young English author who has written a novel, "The Charlatans," which is well spoken of. If there is anything in a name, he ought to be successful.

Many of us have read and been stirred by Norman Duncan's fine stories of heroic experiences of Newfoundlanders on the ice along their bleak, forbidding shores, but the story of this actual experience of a man we all know, brings home to one in a more familiar and more gripping way the rigors of life along the Labrador coast. It is simply thrilling. Those who read it will have new light thrown on Dr. Grenfell's fine, sturdy character and greatly unselfish work.

The volume, which is illustrated, also contains an interesting biographical appreciation of Dr. Grenfell.

* * *

Last week reference was made on this page to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's recent criticism of literary critics, in which she said that it is a mistake to extol a novel because it is "without a single superfluous word." In her article, which appeared in the New York Times Saturday Review of Books, Mrs. Atherton named several recent novels which she considers have been overpraised. Among these was "Katrine," by Elinor McCartney Lane. Now a very timely anecdote concerning the latter is being circulated by the Harpers, who published "Katrine." Of course, under the circumstances, it is too timely to be true, but it is an interesting little story just the same. Here it is just as it came from the publishers' press bureau:

Elinor Macartney Lane, whose romance "Katrine" is just through the Harper Press for another edition, used to tell a story to illustrate the conviction she preferred to cherish that the superfluous word in a story is a blemish and a disappointment. "Up at Gloucester one summer," said Mrs. Lane, "I remember the eternal amateur sat on the beach and produced a picture which included sea, sky, rocks, boats, wagon, and people, for a great artist to criticize. The latter looked at it a minute, and then said quietly, 'Why didn't you put in the city of Chicago?' I think most of us in our work to-day," Mrs. Lane concluded, "try to put in the city of Chicago."

* * *

Several important changes have been made in the "Statesman's Year Book," which has just made its appearance for 1909, published by the Macmillan Company. Forty-six years have elapsed since the first edition was completed of this almost indispensable reference work. One of the new features which will be especially valued is a statement of the conditions prevailing in countries which have adopted old age pension acts.

* * *

Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard, who is the authorized translator for America and England of Selma Lagerlof's books, is now in Stockholm. She saw "The Servant in the House" in Swedish the other evening, and writes that the Swedes do not seem to care much for the play, which they think reminiscent of Ibsen's "Brand" among other things.

* * *

"The Strain of White," by Ada Woodruff Anderson, published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, is a story of very considerable merit, interestingly told. The author does not claim her work to be historically accurate in detail but, in a broad way, it gives an excellent picture of life on the Pacific coast in the days when the Hudson Bay Company shared in the government of the American as well as the Canadian Northwest. The heroine is a beautiful half-breed girl named Francesca, who has been educated by a Jesuit priest. The passion of her life is to find her father, who turns out to be the commandant of the post, and he for a long time refuses to recognize her, fearing the effect of the disclosure upon his wife, a fastidious Southern woman. The author in depicting Francesca's nature, gentle and yet not without certain inevitable Indian traits, has done an excellent piece of characterization. The denouement of the story, while pathetic, is natural, and one closes the book with the feeling that he has read a quite unusual story, carefully and sincerely written.

HAL.

Lord Dufferin and Speech Fright.

THE subject of speech fright is discussed by The British Medical Journal, as follows:

"Sir John Byers, in an address delivered by him to the members of the Literary and Scientific Society of Belfast on Jan. 25, 1906, and reprinted as a pamphlet, discusses with keen appreciation the qualities of the late Lord Dufferin as a public speaker. Referring to an address delivered by Lord Dufferin to the students of Queen's College, Belfast, Sir John Byers gives some extracts which bear directly on speech fright. We reproduce some of them here, in the hope that they may be useful to those whose lot it falls to speak in public.

"Lord Dufferin said: 'No great orator has ever lived who did not feel very nervous before rising to his feet. I have often seen the legs of one of the most effective and heart-stirring speakers in the House of Lords, to whom that assembly never failed to listen, shake like an aspen leaf during the delivery of the first few sentences of his speech (Lord Dufferin told Sir John this was Lord Derby): and should the young speaker feel his tongue grow twice too big in his mouth, and curl itself inextricably round one of his canine teeth, he may console himself with the conviction that he possesses one, at least, of the characteristic qualities of a great speaker.' Lord Dufferin himself was always nervous about speaking, and in his later years the thought of having to speak lay heavy on his mind beforehand. In this respect he resembled John Bright, whose sister, Mrs. Lucas, told Sir John Byers that he was always nervous when rising to speak, and his friends knew beforehand from his preoccupied manner when he was likely to deliver one of his great orations.

"Lord Dufferin went on to insist that no very good speech was ever made without a considerable amount of preparation; at all events, until long practice had so cultivated the speaker's faculty as to render the art of thinking aloud with fervor and precision a second nature. Even so, he said, he had heard a Lord Chancellor break down and a Prime Minister lose the thread of his discourse. He explained that by preparation he did not mean learning a speech off by heart, but the saturation of the mind with a knowledge of the subject and then the construction, not necessarily in writing, but in the mind, of a well-knit skeleton of the argument or exposition; finally, when out walking, or in the solitude of one's own room, the language in which the ideas may most fitly be clothed should be considered.

"'A crowded street,' said Lord Dufferin, 'is not a bad arena for this exercise, as it accustoms you to abstract your thoughts from outward objects, and will render you proof against the discouraging smile of an over-critical opponent. Should you wish to go a step further, and embody in sound the thoughts that burn within you, you can always fall back upon the wandering stars for an audience.

"'A very distinguished member of the House of Commons communicated to me years ago in the hunting field the plan which he adopted, and certainly in his case the result was extraordinarily effective. He said that when about to make an important oration, he used to write down what he intended to say as rapidly as he could on successive sheets of paper, which he threw into the fire the moment they were filled, without reading them over. This process he repeated seven or eight times, and, as a consequence, he found when he repaired to the House that, in no sense dependent upon his memory for a sentence these preliminary canters over the ground to be traversed had supplied him with a fecundity of expression and a lucidity of ideas to which otherwise he might never have attained.'"

Miss Wabash—How delightfully your sister plays? Miss Waldo—Why, my dear, that's the man in the back parlor tuning the piano.—Life.

When Will Your New House Be Ready?

Why we ask may be soon explained.

We are making a particularly attractive offer to home owners just now. We mean in regard to the furnishing of their houses. We direct our attention more especially to the owners of the vast number of artistic new residences springing up in Toronto and its environs.

In most cases we feel there need be no false delicacy in admitting that the outlay for *building* proper takes up available capital to such a degree that the problem of *furnishing* a house when completed becomes more or less of a worry, and the solution frequently not a permanently satisfactory one. To those who feel obliged to compromise between the ideal and the practicable we want to introduce a new alternative.

Our Housefurnishing Club

THIS CLUB idea is one that we have advocated very successfully before on several occasions. It means that we extend the privilege of charging all purchases from the chief Housefurnishing Departments to a limited number of people who will not abuse the privilege. In no case, first or last, does this entail one cent of extra expense over and above what the cash customer would pay. It is a free advantage which we do really think merits the term liberal.

You choose your carpets and your curtains, your furniture, pictures and silverware NOW instead of waiting until such time as it is financially more convenient. You have your house furnished as soon as it is ready. We charge the amount and payments are spread over the next six months as mutually satisfactory. The whole thing is perfectly business-like and perfectly dignified. We have a Club Office on the ground floor, James Street, and the Club Secretary will go into the matter with you privately when you call.

We necessarily limit an offer of such a nature, and you should join now. The Club admits

500 Home Owners for the month of July.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
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The Story of a Wonderful Experience—Stranger and Stronger than any Fiction Ever Penned

ADRIFT ON AN ICE PAN

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D., C.M.G.,
Illustrated from Photographs by Dr. Grenfell and others, with a Biographical Sketch by Clarence John Blake.
CLOTH, 90c.

Very few men have ever gone through such an experience as Dr. Grenfell. His account of this experience is one of the most fascinating stories ever penned. Once taken up it cannot be laid down.

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"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding-house any more." "You have lunch, I suppose?" "No, luncheon." "Well, that's the same thing." "Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."—Puck.

"Young man," said the boss, "come hither and listen." He approached. "When you've made a mistake, forget it and go on to the next job. Don't potter around all day adding a lot of finishing touches."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

IN Jacksonville, Florida, on June 23, a wedding took place, which is of interest to Torontonians. Miss Florence M. Snider, daughter of the late Charles Snider, of this city, was married on that day to Mr. James Archibald, a prominent citizen of Jacksonville. The wedding, which was very pretty, though quiet, was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Roe, cousin of the bride. After a dainty dejeuner, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald left for Chicago, Yellowstone, Seattle and Alaska. After their trip they expect to spend some time during September in Toronto with the bride's sister, Mrs. Hughes, 1111 College street. Later, they will return to Jacksonville, where they intend to reside.

Mrs. Cruso left for the country this week, and Mr. Cruso will follow later on.

Mrs. Heaven and her daughters are back from Europe, and everyone is glad to welcome them. They are summering on the Island, where Mr. and Mrs. Morang are also residing, with their children.

The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. T. Tait in Melbourne, Aus., on July 2, for the debut of their only child Miss Winnifred Tait, was an occasion of great eclat, the high position of Mr. Tait and the well-known taste and originality of his charming wife united in securing the most representative guests and their perfect enjoyment. The ball was given in a handsome assembly hall, which was reduced to a size amply sufficient for the three or four hundred dancers by trellised archings of vines and pink roses, leaving an arcade around the room for sitting out, and deep spaces at each end, where the elders sat to watch the dancing, and which were handsomely furnished and decorated. The five chandeliers were garlanded each to each, with smilax and pink roses, and the whole effect was most beautiful. Miss Tait's coming-out dress was of silver embroidered tissue over a white satin slip, the tunic edged with a band of silver and a fringe of tiny white flowers, and little silver slippers. She was a picture of grace as she danced, and never had a debutante a more successful entree. Eight or ten other good friends of the lucky young lady made their debut at this dance, and are now, with her, enjoying to the full the whirl of the Melbourne season, which, of course, is winter in that antipodean place.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MME. MARIA KOUSNIETZOFF.

The famous opera singer who recently gained a remarkable success in London in "Faust." Madame Kousnietzoff is a most beautiful woman and has been painted by all the great masters of Russia; in fact, two of her pictures hang in the Castle of Alexander III.

Mr. Carlisle Baldwin, son of Mrs. James Baldwin, has gone to Vancouver.

Mrs. Arnoldi gave a pleasant informal tea last week at her Niagara-on-the-Lake cottage. The cottagers are having an unusually jolly time over there this season, and each week something special is doing at that hub of the social world, the Queen's Royal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong have gone to Prince Edward Island. Mr. Justice and Mrs. McLennan are also there.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer has returned from a most enjoyable trip to the West Coast, and is full of enthusiasm and praise of the great country through which he has been journeying. Mr. Nordheimer has closed his home, and is at the King Edward.

The hotel at Minnicog is being filled up by a very nice and congenial party of guests, a number of Toronto people among them.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, and Miss Austin, left for Prouts Neck, Maine, on Thursday, where they intend remaining all summer.

Mrs. Fred. Jarvis is back from Europe, looking the essence of smartness and *chic*, and her friends do not need her assurance that she has had a delightful sojourn across the sea.

Mrs. Sandham arrived out from England recently, and is spending the summer in Lake Joseph, Muskoka, with her brother Mr. Gzowski at his island home.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, of Ermeleigh, are at Chief's Island, their Muskoka place, for the summer.

Mrs. George Howland is visiting Mrs. A. H. Walker at her summer place, De Grassi Point. Mr. and Mrs. James Scott will summer in their new villa, at Point au Pic. Professor and Mrs. Clark are going to England for a vacation. Dr. and Mrs. A. Orr Hastings have returned from a trip of several weeks to Atlantic City and Old Point Comfort.

Commander and Mrs. Law are at their Muskoka Island.

The marriage of Mr. Douglas Horace Boggis-Rolfe, son of the late Mr. F. D. Boggis-Rolfe, of The Grange, Wormingford, Essex, and Miss Maria Maud Bailey, of 9 Cadogan place, London, England, took place on June 29, in St. Paul's church, Knights-bridge, London, Rev. Lord Victor Seymour, of St. Stephen's, and Rev. R. Boyd, of St. Paul's, officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her step-father, Mr. J. Hume Dodgson. There were nine bridesmaids, Miss Birdie Warren, of Toronto, being first. The bride wore white satin, with lace and touches of silver embroidery. The maids were in white chiffon, over pale pink, the skirts caught up with bow of pale pink satin ribbon, and the hats were of shirred chiffon and pink roses. The reception and dejeuner were given at the home of the bride's mother and step-father, 9 Cadogan place. Mr. and Mrs. Boggis-Rolfe went to Ireland for their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darling spent the week-end at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Love are expected home directly. Mr. Gage, father of Mrs. Love, is going abroad shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley, of Barnstable and the Misses Elmsley, have returned from abroad.

Judge and Mrs. Mabee are going abroad for a couple of months in ten days or so. They sail on one of the Empresses, and will visit Brittany and other places, a little out of the tourist route.

On July 7, the marriage of Miss Amy Isabella Cameron, daughter of Mrs. Lila M. Cameron, and granddaughter of the late C. R. Sing, of Swathmore Hall, and Dr. John Alexander Macleod, Massey, was celebrated in Swarthmore Chapel, St. Vincent, Rev. Isaac Baker, grand uncle of the bride officiating. The bride wore a princess robe of white eolienne over silk, with pearl trimmings, a wreath of orange blossoms and a veil of tulle. She was brought in by her uncle, Mr. J. G. Sing, C.E., of Toronto, and her mother gave her away. The bridal bouquet was a shower of lilies and roses. Miss Marjorie Cameron was her sister's maid of honor, in pale blue mousseline, hat with blue plume, and bouquet of Richmond roses. Miss Marjorie Corbet, of Winnipeg, and Miss Winifred MacFarlane, of Peterborough, in white mull gowns and tulle veils with wreaths of marguerites, were bridesmaids, and little Amy Jean Sing, in white embroidered mull and carrying a basket of roses, was flower-girl. Mr. James Macleod was best man. The reception was at Swarthmore Hall, and the dejeuner was served at small tables set on the lawn, after which Dr. and Mrs. Macleod left on their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a navy blue suit and old rose hat.

Miss Elsie Thorold returned from Port Rowan on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, who had been spending the week-end with Mrs. Barrett at Port Rowan, came back at the same time. They had their little granddaughter, Louise Macdonald, with them on their trip.

The very sudden death of Dr. Ratcliffe in St. Catharines on Monday, was heard of with regret by many Torontonians. During Dr. McCoy's absence Dr. Ratcliffe looked after his patients at the Welland in a most courteous and able way.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson left for Germany this week. They were accompanied by their daughter, Miss Laura, who will remain, at least, a year at school at Lausanne. The doctor will make a round of the hospitals of Germany and Austria, and after attending the Congress of Medicine at Budapest, and the meeting of the American Academy of Ophthalmology at New York, will return to town early in October.

Rev. E. C. Cayley, of St. Simon's, and Mrs. Cayley, are home from England. Mr. and Mrs. Willmot Matthews and their children are at their summer cottage near Beechcroft, the Osler place on Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. Henry Campbell Osborne had a clever poem, "Love's Requiem," in Harper's Weekly last month.

Mrs. Crompton and her son and daughter, and Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt left for Muskoka on Tuesday, where they have a nice island summer place.

Colonel and Mrs. Bruce and Miss Bruce left this week for Gloucester, Mass., where they will spend the holidays.

Mr. Collier Stevenson left on Sunday for Philadelphia. Miss Maud McLean has gone to California. Mr. and Mrs. James Pim and their family, 350 Rusholme Road, are at their cottage in Belle Ewart, Ont. Mr. Fred H. Pim, of Chicago, spent the week-end with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and their three sons went up for the summer to the Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davies went up to Muskoka last week, and are registered at the Royal Muskoka. Mr. J. D. Macdonald is also registered at this charming hotel. Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Ramsey went to the Royal last week.

Mrs. and Miss Dora Ridout went to the country by the noon train on Tuesday. Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn went up to Muskoka on Tuesday, where Mr. Cockburn joined her later in the week. They are in their pretty home on Birch Point, on their island in Lake Rosseau, where they intend remaining until October.

The gay grass-widower may be seen in numbers, any noon tide, these days, in the vicinity of the Union Station, jauntily stepping along, conscious of the fact that he has just seen his wife and family safely off for the summer. His jauntiness is often a bold bluff for a loneliness he derides, but it's so horrid to come home to that silent shut up house.

Take Advantage of this Grand Sale of Ostrich Feathers

JULY 15th — AUG. 14th

You should take advantage of it and buy for Summer, Fall, next Spring—because such values may not be equalled again in *many* seasons, for since we placed our order, prices on raw feathers have advanced considerably—because every feather in the sale was bought direct from the maker in London, no middlemen's profit to pay, no commissions, and so except for duty and our moderate profit you're *buying at cost of production.*

You'll reap the greatest of satisfaction from immediate choosing from the immense quantity of perfect feathers, the glossy, rich, long and full flowing fibres, nicely curled, feathers good enough to put on the most elaborate millinery conceptions—feathers fit for brides' hats, for street hats, for dress hats of any style and at prices you've never bettered before.

Note the lengths—note the prices—and come, send, phone or write—but buy plenty.

Length 15 inches. Sale price ..... 1.98 | **Length 19 inches. Sale price 3.59**
Length 17 1/2 inches. Sale price ..... 2.75 | **Length 20 1/2 inches. Sale price 4.75**

We've also made up for this sale some magnificent *Lance Plumes* with their long flowing fibres—a limited quantity only.

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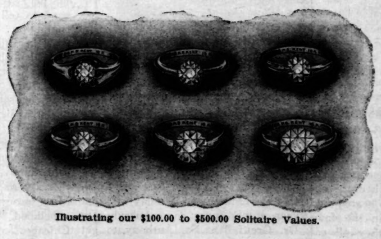

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Lord Pell, in old colonial times, was the owner of all the property on which stands the town of New Rochelle, near New York City, recently given international notoriety by that fastidious and erudite stage celebrity, Mr. George M. Cohan, in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." The 60,000 acres now included in the site he sold to the Huguenots for $800 and threw in another hundred acres for a church, the consideration being that every year thereafter one fatted calf should be presented to him, or his heirs or assigns forever. The custom was observed for many years, but fell into disuse. The heir and assign of the present generation has required that the presentation be made.

No fewer than fifteen hundred towns and villages in Germany still own, and have owned, down from the Middle Ages, so much common land that their inhabitants pay neither rates nor taxes. Five hundred of these townships and villages derive so great a rental from their lands that they are able, in addition, to pay every citizen, on New Year's Day, a bonus of from $25 to $100 as his share of the surplus revenue.

The nightingales which nested until ten years ago in Kensington Gardens were killed by the semi-wild cats that camp every summer among the hollow elms, and Londoners who want to hear the Daulian birds with complete certainty must now journey to Kew or Chingford (observes The Westminister Gazette). Our fortunate early Victorian ancestors went no farther than Vauxhall Gardens for the purpose. The Vauxhall nightingales were always in full song on May and June evenings, and the proprietor would assure an inquiring country visitor: "Hear the nightingales, sir? Why, you're bound to hear 'em; we keeps 'em on the premises." This prosaic statement was only too true, according to Frank Buckland, for the music was produced by a human Philomela, paid to sit in a bush and imitate the nightingale when darkness fell.

An American branch of the International Banking Corporation has been established in Peking, China. This is the first Amercian bank in the east to join the group of British, French, German and Japanese institutions, in existence since 1902. Among its directors is Sir William C. Van Horne.

The day of the woman suffragists, so long foretold, is coming at last, remarks an exchange. One has been set apart for them at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition.

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MR. ASHLEY'S FAILURE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

A SOMEWHAT short, precise-looking young man stood on the steps of a mansion in Hyde Park Gardens, deliberately scraping his boots. Having concluded that operation, he turned to the open door, and instantly perceived, from the disturbed expression of the usually most impassive of doorkeepers, that something was wrong.

"Is anything the matter, Burditt?" he asked condescendingly, as he stepped into the hall. "Mrs. Tregarron and Miss Alice are quite well, I hope?"

The man first carefully secured the door, then turned round and bowed.

"The ladies are quite well, my lord," he said gravely; "but we are all a good deal upset this afternoon. Mrs. Tregarron will see you at once in the morning-room, if your lordship will be so good as to come this way," and he ushered the visitor down the hall into a small room on the left-hand side.

Curiosity was not one of Lord Maclenie's failings, neither was impatience; so he did not question the man further, merely desiring him to at once inform Mrs. Tregarron of his arrival.

"She signed with a firm hand the slip of paper which lay before her."

In less than a minute his prospective mother-in-law—a tall, aristocratic-looking woman, wearing a widow's cap and looking about fifty years old—swept into the room.

"My dear Robert," she exclaimed, holding out her hand, "how good of you to come so soon! Of course you have had my note?"

His lordship shook his head. "I have had no note from you to-day," he answered. "Alice is——"

"But I wrote you to Cadogan Place nearly two hours ago," interrupted Mrs. Tregarron.

"Which note I have not yet had the pleasure of receiving," he returned. "We are busy at the Foreign Office, and I have not been home to lunch. Alice is——"

"Then you don't know anything about it?" broke in Mrs. Tregarron. "Dear me! I——"

"If you were to tell me——" he ventured to suggest.

Mrs. Tregarron became all impressiveness.

"You remember that diamond necklace you gave Alice yesterday morning?"

Of course he remembered it. Had he not spent nearly the whole of the previous afternoon at Filmoy and Morton's, undecided whether a less magnificent present would not be deemed a more suitable offering to a portionless fiancee? and had he not, after finally deciding upon its acquisition, then and there written out a cheque for fifteen hundred guineas, and left the shop with the little morocco case in his breast-pocket? Certainly he remembered that diamond necklace.

"Well, what about it?" he inquired almost impatiently. He was proud of his self-control, this rising young diplomatist, but Mrs. Tregarron's manner was irritating.

"It has been stolen," she said impressively, and then leaned back in her chair, waiting anxiously to see what effect her communication would have upon him.

It was instantaneous. Lord Maclenie was self-controlled, but parsimonious; and fifteen hundred guineas is a good deal of money.

"Stolen!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat. "Stolen!"

"Yes, stolen," repeated Mrs. Tregarron, gently pressing a little lace handkerchief to her eyes, and watching all the time with deep anxiety his disturbed expression. "Sit still, and I will tell you all about it. You have no idea how upset we have all been."

"Upset! I should think so!" exclaimed his lordship vigorously. "Have you any idea what the necklace was worth, I wonder?"

Mrs. Tregarron knew quite well (her future son-in-law had taken care that she should not remain in ignorance), but she shook her head.

"Don't tell me, please," she pleaded. "I really cannot bear it just now. Let me tell you how it happened."

"Just what I want to get at," he exclaimed impatiently. "Do you suspect anyone?"

"At present, no one; but I think, when you hear the circumstances, you will agree with me that the theft must have been carried out by someone resident in the house; and, if so, they can have had no opportunity of disposing of it, for I have allowed no one to go out on any pretext whatever. I look upon it as somewhat a suspicious circumstance that Ann (Alice's maid) has twice asked for leave to absent herself this afternoon. Of course, I refused it."

"Of course. But please tell me exactly how it happened," entreated Lord Maclenie.

Mrs. Tregarron cleared her throat and proceeded in her recital of the affair. Told in her own way and in her own words it took some time; but, briefly, the facts—very simple facts they were—appeared to be as follows:

Directly after breakfast that morning, Alice (Mrs. Tregarron's only daughter and Lord Maclenie's betrothed) had left the room, and, a few minutes later, had summoned her mother into the apartment in which they now were to look at the diamonds by daylight. After admiring them for some time, Mrs. Tregarron was called away for her morning's interview with the cook, and about half an hour later Alice had come to her and announced her intention of visiting old Lady Somerville, her godmother. She did not return for luncheon—she very seldom did when she went to visit Lady Somerville—but got back early in the afternoon. She met her mother in the hall, and explained that she had hurried away immediately after lunch as it had suddenly occurred to her during that meal that she had left the necklace on the mantel-piece of the morning-room. Mrs. Tregarron and her daughter then entered the morning-room together and found that the necklace had disappeared. They searched everywhere, high and low, and then questioned the servants, who one and all denied having even entered that particular room during the whole morning.

"You can imagine what a state Alice and I were in then," concluded Mrs. Tregarron. "Poor girl! it made her quite ill, and she has gone to lie down for a while. Of course, I forbade any of the servants to leave the house, and sent round to you, and also a note to Scotland Yard. Did I do right?"

"I don't see that anything else could have been done," replied Lord Maclenie thoughtfully. "It seems a strange affair altogether. Could the room be entered from outside, I wonder?" and he crossed the room and looked out.

"Easily; but the window does not appear to have been tampered with, and you must remember that it was in the middle of the day. Anyone getting through the window would certainly have been seen."

Once more the interior of the room was carefully examined. Nothing was to be discovered. All was in order. Neither could the sagacious officer from Scotland Yard, who arrived a quarter of an hour later, find anything at all suspicious in the entrance to or general appearance of the room. The servants one by one were had in and examined, and the trunks of all of them, from the newly-installed scullery-maid to the grey-haired butler, thoroughly ransacked, but nothing affording the faintest shadow of a clue was discovered.

"Would you like to see my daughter herself?" inquired Mrs. Tregarron, of the astute-looking detective, who stood sucking his pencil and looking thoroughly bewildered.

"Quite unnecessary," he declared. "I should be sorry to have her disturbed. There is really nothing to ask her beyond what you have told me. It's not a pleasant thing to say, ma'am," he continued, "but the thief must be one of your servants. I should like the name and address of each of them, and, also, if you can oblige me with it, particulars of their last place; and I must ask you to let me know at once if one of them leaves your service or gives notice."

"I suppose a reward had better be offered?" remarked Lord Maclenie.

The officer assented.

"Decidedly it would be better that there should be a reward."

"Then you can make it £250."

"Very good, your lordship." And, after making a few more notes, the detective departed with the usual promise that should he discover a clue, etc.

A fortnight elapsed and nothing was heard from him. At the end of that time Lord Maclenie had a conversation at the club with an acquaintance concerning the mysterious robbery.

"In the hands of Scotland Yard, is it?" remarked the latter. "Well, I don't want to revile any of our institutions, but I really do think that, so far as our established detective force is concerned, we are a long way behind the other countries of Europe. Scotland Yard very seldom discovers anything more than clues nowadays. Now, look here, Maclenie," he continued in a lower tone, "I could introduce you to a man—he's not regularly in the profession, but he'd do anything for me—who would find out all about this little affair for you, if anyone could. He's a regular sharp fellow, is Ashley; and only say the word, and I'll tell him to call and see you."

Lord Maclenie shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't believe in amateur detectives much," he remarked disparagingly. "I'm afraid if Scotland Yard can't make anything of it, that it would be waste of time and money trying anyone else. Of course, if he likes to take it up on the chance of the reward—I've offered £250 reward, you know—well, then I don't mind helping him with any information. If he likes to come down to Hyde Park Gardens to-night, I shall be there."

"Well, I'll tell him," replied his friend. "Detective business of any sort is his hobby, and I daresay he'll come."

The surmise was a correct one. About nine o'clock on the same evening a respectable-looking, middle-aged man, who gave his name as Mr. Ashley, called at Mrs. Tregarron's house in Hyde Park Gardens and asked for Lord Maclenie, who was spending the evening with his betrothed. His lordship immediately explained the circumstance to Mrs. Tregarron, and begged leave to have the man shown in.

"You really must excuse me, then," pleaded Miss Tregarron, rising from her chair with a languid gesture and a slight frown of annoyance. "I'm perfectly sick of the whole matter, and shall go to my room until the man's gone."

"As you please," and Lord Maclenie rose and opened the door.

"Ask Mr. Ashley to step this way," he said to the servant, who had remained in the room. And, accordingly, Mr. Ashley was shown in.

The simple story of the theft was repeated to him in a few words. He listened attentively and grew thoughtful.

"I should rather like to see Miss Tregarron," he remarked, after a long pause, "if not inconvenient."

Mrs. Tregarron looked rather doubtful.

"Is it necessary?" she inquired, with her hand on the bell.

Mr. Ashley bowed in a deprecating manner.

"If she is engaged, pray don't disturb her," he said suavely. "Any

(*Concluded on page 20.*)

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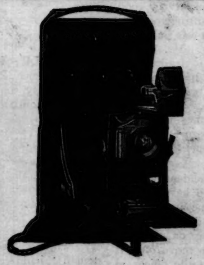

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Vol. 22 TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 17, 1909. No. 40

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Move-On Wilson and Hold-On Bryan.

ONE morning last week Rev. W. F. Wilson, the well-known pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, was sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Ryan, St. Paul, Minn., awaiting the opening of the day's session of the Christian Endeavor convention being held in that city. Presently, another convention delegate, a man from Nebraska, hurried up to him and greeted him effusively.

"We want you to give us a lecture, sure, about New Year's, Mr. Bryan," he said to Mr. Wilson.

Then Mr. Wilson realized that he had been mistaken at close range for William Jennings Bryan by a citizen of that redoubtable Presidential candidate's own state. He laughed, saying he would be glad to deliver a lecture, but pointed out the Nebraskan's error. The latter took a closer look and then beat a retreat.

Mr. Bryan was in St. Paul that day for the purpose of delivering an address to the convention of Endeavorers, and as the morning wore on the resemblance of the Toronto minister and the Commoner to each other had become a topic of conversation around the hotel where both were staying. So Mr. Wilson went up and met Mr. Bryan in his rooms, and while they were chatting the newspaper men "doing hotels" hunted them up. The Dispatch sent a photographer along and took a very good picture of Bryan and his Toronto double sitting together and showing very similar profiles, and this was published as a feature in the next issue of the paper. Mr. Wilson is considerably older than the Democratic leader, and somewhat less ample in figure and face, although a large man himself, but the two are of the same type as to features, hair, dress and general appearance. Some years ago, when Mr. Wilson was in his early prime—just about the time he earned the sobriquet of "Move-on" Wilson—he must have resembled the Nebraska politician very closely.

The circumstances of the move-on incident will be well remembered by all Torontonians who have resided in the city for fifteen or twenty years. One evening Mr. Wilson, who in those days looked and dressed like a Roman Catholic clergyman, was standing on a street corner, when a policeman ordered him to move on. It was said at the time by some people that the officer in question was an Orangeman who mistook the preacher for a priest, and took some enjoyment in annoying him. But Mr. Wilson in his aggressive way refused to be moved, and so he was taken to the nearest police station. The incident caused a sensation all over the province, and although Mr. Wilson was then probably the most widely spoken of Methodist minister in this city, his encounter with the policeman gave him a much more widespread fame and popularity.

Another Flag Incident.

ALL the talk lately about an alleged insult to the British flag in Toronto, started one of the city's well-known wholesale merchants reminiscing the other day; and he told an interesting story of a flag episode in Port Adelaide, South Australia, in which he himself was a participant. Things became very lively for a while, but in the end, just as in the Toronto affair, it was found that the whole thing was due to a mistake. But let him tell it in his own words:

"In 1883 I was an able seaman on board the Canadian barque 'Lake Erie,' on a voyage from London, England, to Port Adelaide, South Australia, with general cargo. Our commander was Captain John Keay, our chief officer was George Fullam, and the second officer was Jack Bird, all Nova Scotia men, and two-thirds of the crew of 28 men were Nova Scotians or Canadians.

"We arrived in Port Adelaide one bright morning, and like all deep-water ships, we dressed ship when we moored alongside of our dock, and we were very proud to haul up the Canadian ensign at our peak. During the forenoon we were visited by a messenger from the deputy port warden's office, who came aboard and ordered our flag to be pulled down and the British ensign to be hoisted. Naturally, our mate being on his own ship, was not used to taking orders. A quick right and left—one between the eyes and the other in the neighborhood of the chin—put the messenger from the port warden's office out of business, and a few seconds later the bo'sun and the bo'sun's mate were busy piping 'All hands aft.' On our arrival aft, we were told that the port warden had ordered the Canadian flag to be hauled down, and the mate ordered that we line up alongside the ship, every man—in fact everybody in the ship, including the cook—to handle a handspike.

"On the return of the messenger to the port warden's office a couple more messengers were sent down, and from the dock, without coming aboard the ship, they commanded that we haul down the flag which was still flying; and on the mate still refusing to do so a detachment of police was sent for. Naturally, when the police came aboard, a bunch of sailors that had been six months at sea were ready for a rough-house; and for a few minutes it looked like an Irish wake. It did not last long; but while it lasted it was hot. During the fracas the commander, Captain Keay, came aboard, and by instructions from the office, or rather the shipowners' agents, the commander was compelled to haul down the flag and substitute the red ensign.

"Now this happened to a British ship in a British port, and naturally enquiries were made as to why such a thing should occur. In fact, our commander threatened to haul his ship out into the offing and lay at anchor and fly his flag in spite of the South Australian Government; but when it was explained, it shows how easily mistakes can occur through the misinterpretation of instructions by an over-zealous officer, only anxious to carry out his interpretations of the instructions.

"It appears that at that time South Australia was inaugurating a navy of her own, consisting of a number of small coasting gunboats. The South Australian flag is a blue ensign, the same as the British Royal Navy Reserve, but which had a round, white disc on the lower wing with an aboriginal or nigger in the corner. When the navy was inaugurated, they adopted the blue ensign with the nigger for their naval flag, the same as the British Royal Navy adopted the white ensign with the red cross of St. Andrews, and in adopting this flag for the South Australian navy they prohibited all Australian vessels from flying anything but the red ensign or British ensign; but in making out their regulations, instead of using the words 'South Australian vessels,' it read, 'all colonial vessels,' consequently the ship I was in, hailing from a British colony, came under the regulations as a colonial vessel and consequently under the rules of the port a colonial vessel was compelled to fly the British flag instead of the colonial. Needless to say, the matter was quickly remedied, and a very short time afterward a deputation again visited our ship from the port warden's office with instructions for us to hoist the Canadian flag, which was done with great ceremony, resulting in a general piping aft of the watch for grog, and a half-holiday."

They Weren't in the Money.

THE other evening two out-of-town ladies caused quite a sensation and gave an impromptu Shrubb-Longboat exhibition at the corner of Front and Yonge streets, in an endeavor to catch a Yonge street car.

It was this way. The pair descended from a Bathurst car, and not realizing the nature of a Toronto street car, or perhaps never having read Manager Fleming's philosophical advice about "the other car immediately following," they thought they might as well take the Yonge car just in front of them, and simultaneously they started to run after the slowly-moving car. They waved two large brown paper parcels, and in entreating tones called "Mr. Conductor," but the car moved steadily on. Then they sprinted. Those who had paid their gate money waited.

At the half mile—or rather in front of the Yonge street entrance of the Board of Trade building, the car was leading by a full length, the ladies following on the devil strip with about ten feet of daylight between them.

Around the corner came a messenger boy on his wheel, and as he passed the cavalcade he called out cheerfully:

"Very good exhibition ladies, but—you're not in the money."

Not All He Expected.

A COUPLE of men prominently connected with St. Lawrence River navigation, were swapping yarns the other day, and one of them told an amusing story of a presentation ceremony. At one of the annual meetings of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, a gold watch was presented to the pilot who had taken the steamer Montreal down the rapids. This immense vessel was built at Toronto, and then the hull and machinery, without any superstructure, had to make the perilous trip to Montreal. Thanks to the wonderful skill of the pilot, this voyage was made without any serious damage, though many had regarded it as almost impossible for a boat of that size. The directors of the company felt that some recognition should be given the pilot, and the acknowledgment took the form of a handsome gold watch.

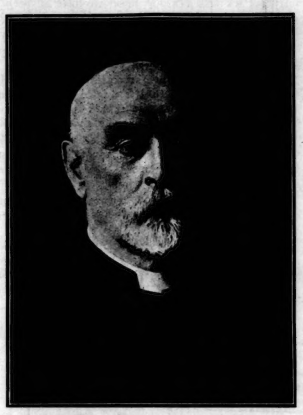
The chronometer was handed to the daring and skillful helmsman with a few kind words of congratulation and praise. Then the knight of the wheel stood there in the midst of a general silence of expectation. Everyone sat waiting for this intrepid riverman to express in broken accents his undying devotion to the company. Perhaps he would conclude in the words sacred to such occasions: "I only done my duty."

But did he say this? Did his voice grow husky with emotion, and tears fill his eyes? No. On the contrary, he stood there, cool as a cucumber *frappe*, and gazed intently at the watch.

"Purty nice watch," he finally remarked in a meditative tone, "but I don't see no chain."

A Knight of the Church.

THE King has added new dignity and lustre to one of the most important of the orders of knighthood by appointing to a K.C.V.O. such a man as the Very Reverend James Cameron Lees, D.D., LL.D., for so long a period minister of St.Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. Not only as a preacher, but as a writer, Sir Cameron Lees takes a foremost place among the men of the day. Indeed, he has made St. Giles famous by his connection with the historic edifice. A young lady, from Canada, who recently attended there, spoke of him as "one of the greatest and grandest of men, and one, also, whom one never tires of hearing." To read his "Life and Conduct" has been to many a benediction. In commenting on the appointment, The Scottish American states that Dr. Lees "occupies a unique distinction, the honor of knighthood never having been previously conferred on a Scottish Presbyterian clergyman." Whether this be so, or not, we venture to think that all will welcome the new departure, if it is one. Nothing but good can come of it, and we can but express the wish that some day His Majesty, in his great wisdom, may be pleased to extend his vision to Canada and other portions of Greater Britain when looking for subjects upon which to bestow similar honors,



THE VERY REV. SIR CAMERON LEES, D.D., LL.D.
Courtesy of Mr. Henry Morgan, Ottawa.

Echoes of the Council of Women.

IF the half were to be printed of what is being told about delegates to the Quinquennial Council, this town would not contain the writing thereof. There were adequate daily reports as to how the Council occupied its business hours, but the private lives of its members while here is a subject which has been left to gossip, and some funny stories are gaining currency.

Some of the European visitors stopped at other points on their way to Toronto, and it is said that a Montreal family, returning to the city for a brief sojourn in their town house in preparation for their visit to this city, found entirely to their surprise, a prominent Teutonic delegate to the Council occupying their house and bossing their servants. They deprecated her untimely arrival during their absence and the upset condition of the house, and assured her of their complete surprise. But their guest comforted her involuntary entertainers with the assurance of the great comfort of her entertainment, and her intention to remain until it was time to move on. Meeting later on in Toronto, the German lady was equally candid in informing the Montreal people that she was not being half so well entertained in the Queen City.

There is an old cricket story, which saw the light in the times when cricket matches never extended into the second day, about some Englishmen exiled to France, who desired to alleviate their homesickness by indulgence in the national game. They accepted a free lease from a wealthy landowner near the town of a generous portion of his pasture, and soon came to feel so much at home that their secretary wrote their benefactor requesting him to remove his cows from their cricket field. Some of the delegates must have been descended from these old cricketers.

A Toronto lady who bears a foreign name, but yields in loyal British sentiment to no one in the Empire, was called upon to entertain a lady from over the seas and one daughter. The expected guest asked the privilege of bringing another daughter, and eventually turned up with three daughters and a maid. No doubt the hospitable hostess, who has never winced under the hardships of synod time, began to understand why the quartering of soldiers used to be unpopular, and has ceased to be customary, especially when her enterprising guests turned her out of her own room.

Riding the Protestant Horse.

AN American visitor who was in the city on Monday last, enquired of a Toronto friend, whether the Protestant religion was really in danger in this country. The dimensions of the Orange parade seemed to him to indicate as much. If there was nothing to be feared, why such a demonstration?

"Bless your heart," said his friend; these men are not worrying about the Protestant religion; most of them don't know anything whatever about the Irish rebellion of 1690; they are thinking about something much more substantial than memories and religious sentiments; they are thinking of the job they want in the City Hall."

There was a time when the Orangemen used to parade because they were looking for trouble; now they parade because certain of their leaders are looking for votes. Time was when Orangeism was the possession of many of the first families. There are men living who remember when "Big Bill" Boulton, of the Grange, and his brother, D'Arcy Boulton, used to turn out at the head of their forces on the Twelfth in white duck trousers and tall hats. The tall hats still figure largely, but on Monday the only man in the big parade who wore the old-fashioned regalia was Thomas A. Gregg, who from 1875 to 1895, was very prominent in local newspaper circles, and was one of the earliest city editors on the staff of The Mail. Though the Order has lost something of its social status, it has become mightier every year as a political machine. The deserted City Hall on Monday last bore testimony to the great municipal force that it is. Every fireman and every policeman who was off duty could be found in the ranks. Mute testimony was borne by the early collection of garbage. Householders who ordinarily have to wait until noon for its removal, heard the city garbage men at work at four o'clock in the morning, the reason being that both men and horses were needed for the parade.

The fact that every member of the city council who was a Protestant, whether Grit or Tory, was in line shows how important an institution the Order is as a vote producer. Almost every lodge, it could be noticed, had its own particular Alderman, Controller, Legislator or Member of Parliament in the ranks. The reason why so many dapper, silk-hatted politicians were seen in line, is that pre-eminence in an Orange lodge means that when election day comes around the politician will have a hundred or more faithful unpaid workers, who expect no other reward than an oyster supper and a kindly recommendation when there is a job in sight. The Order is not nearly so formidable an institution as a religious way as the Roman Catholics and French Canadian press imagine. So long as there are sufficient jobs to go around the hierarchy, they need have no fear that it will be assailed by more than a few, formal assertions of time-worn "principles."

The Minister's Joke.

WONDERFUL are the vagaries of human nature. Some men with scarcely a positive virtue denounce others because they have one or two very human positive vices. Very profane men have been known to inveigh strongly against the sin of smoking—and so on. In Toronto, the good people are so strong on virtue that laymen sometimes assume the I-am-holier-than-thou attitude toward their own ministers. One may, therefore, imagine the various degrees of shock sustained by a rather mixed company at a wedding celebrated some time ago in Toronto, when the incident I am about to relate occurred.

The ceremony was over, the party had "done justice to a sumptuous repast," and the clergyman—a very well-known Methodist minister—who was acting as toastmaster, began to call upon the guests for speeches. The minister in question enjoys a reputation among the members of his church as a wit and jovial spirit, and on this occasion he felt it his duty to be as facetious as possible. As is usual among the majority of ministers, his humor was of an unworldly character, very different to that approved of in clubs and smoking-rooms, his quips and allusions being largely Biblical.

Presently, when the fun was at its height, the minister, with an expression which warned the company to prepare for the *piece de resistance*, indicated with his eye the bridegroom's brother-in-law, and remarked:

"We will now hear from God!"

The party looked startled for a moment, and then nearly everybody caught the joke. The brother-in-law's name was Godfrey! But some of those present didn't relish this brand of humor, and several good old Methodists shook their heads sadly all the way home.

Piche, the Promoter.

PICHE, the French-Canadian prospector, who was captured by the authorities after a two years' search in all parts of the continent, has, as has already been shown by the reports in the daily press, had a spectacular career in his long life in the wilds, but there is one episode in his career that has not found its way into the daily papers.

A few years ago the city editor of an evening newspaper was asked to send a reporter to a certain address on John street, Toronto, to receive an item about an important joint stock company that was to be formed. He finally located the place, and found it to be one of the rather shabby lodging houses that abound in that district. Here he found the little weasel-faced prospector in the company of twelve or fifteen Englishmen who had come to Canada with their savings to make a fortune. Piche was expounding what he called a great scheme, which the Englishmen were drinking in with apparent delight.

It was nothing less than to secure a large reservation on the shores of the Hudson Bay for the "breeding of fur-bearing animals." The promoter of the scheme had his prospectus drawn up, and expatiated on the high price of furs, and how in his wanderings in the wilds he had learned the secret of rearing beavers and other valuable beasts. The reporter had obviously been sent for as a ruse to convince the strangers that his scheme was bona fide. Piche, indeed, seemed to believe in his own plan, and his manner was so sincere that it was impossible to say whether he regarded the other fellows as "suckers" or not. However, the reporter decided that his paper did not want to boost this "get-rich-quick" scheme, and whether any of the Englishmen were persuaded to tempt fortune in the frozen north he never learned. At any rate, Piche's company never obtained letters of incorporation.

A sketch of the Memorial Lighthouse which it is proposed to erect on Isle La Motte to commemorate the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel de Champlain in 1609.

THE INSPECTOR

One who got his idea of the course of justice in Toronto from newspaper accounts of police court doings, it would seem that the burden of keeping up morality of Toronto had been laid on the Atlantean shoulders of one man. Against this one man are arrayed the hosts of evil, and single-handed he wages against the battle without quarter. More than this—to use the phrase of the ring-side—he has the forces of evil "on the ropes." Who brings to time the audacious restaurant-keeper who ventures to sell ice-cream on Sunday under the plea that it is a food? Inspector Archibald. Who boldly attacks the problem of the true

inwardness of a cigar, whether it is a drug or a crime? Inspector Archibald. Who drags into court the unfortunate Hebrew who allows a boarder in his house to celebrate Jewish engagement rites and supplies beer to the guests? Inspector Archibald, of course. In fact the valiant champion of morality and the by-laws is continually raiding the kingdom of evil and bringing out captives of all kinds. Nor does his evident enjoyment in his work seem to be at all lessened by the fact a large proportion of his prisoners do not impress one as having done anything wicked. But even if they haven't, there is always the possibility that they might, and the Inspector believes in being on the safe side.

If a person with such an idea as this of Inspector Archibald as the strong arm of the law in Toronto were to drop into the police court—drop in, as distinguished from being thrown in—what he would see there would greatly strengthen him in his impression. The figure of the judge would naturally strike him first, on account of the high seat of authority. But as the cases proceeded, his attention would more and more be called to the stoop-shouldered, grey-headed man, with the prominent nose, seated lower down at the judge's right behind a desk with a railing about its top. He would soon feel that this man was the centre and directing point of most of the activity going on about him. After a while he would come to regard the railed desk as a kind of conning-tower, from which the big guns of the law were trained on the luckless wights in the dock. Of course, there is a Crown Attorney, a genial looking gentleman with a persuasive voice, but the visitor would notice that even the Crown Attorney seemed to rely a great deal on the directions from the railed desk, much as the biggest gun in the battery would be aimed from the tower. And the uninitiated visitor might well be pardoned for supposing that even when the said big gun was in the height of its activity and roaring out its ponderous attack, the main cause of it all was the man behind.

Not that Inspector Archibald—for that is the awe-inspiring name of the man at the desk—is content with mere directing. He more frequently takes a hand in the game himself. He is not satisfied to merely aim the battery, but every now and then seizes his "vorple blade" and leads a boarding party. And when he does there is the rush and shock of arms with a vengeance. It is only the other day that he jumped in and told a Jewish interpreter, who was trying to explain matters to the court, that he had better keep quiet. This time, however, the judge—who had a certain interest in having the matter explained to him—saw fit to interfere. He told the Inspector that the interpreter in question had been of great assistance to the court, and he did not wish to have him insulted. But this little set-back was far from damping the ardor of the doughty Inspector, as was shown in the very next case. This time the gentleman at the railed desk, in his anxiety to hang up another scalp in his tepee, adopted methods not recognized by Hoyle. In fact, he wished to introduce evidence which the elaborate processes of the law have made impossible. His attention was called to the fact by the Crown Attorney.

"You will have to swear out a fresh information," said the lawyer.

"I am not asking for your advice in the case," was the retort courteous. And then the Inspector proceeded to explain that he had exercised these rights for years, and intimated that he was going to go on exercising them.

The judge then took a hand in the discussion and pointed out that the Crown Attorney was right.

"I see I have to fight the whole court," was the thundering reply, "but I am here and I intend to fight against all combinations."

This is the sort of thing which makes the visitor in the court look with fear and trembling on the man at the desk, and feel a hope that he won't be too hard on the poor judge and the rest of them. But if the same visitor were to take the trouble afterwards to enquire from someone who really knew, what were the real rights in the matter, he would be very much surprised to find out that the Inspector possessed very little of the power he assumed. In fact, he would be told that the Inspector was merely a police officer, whose duty it was to direct the work of the police under the control of the Crown Attorney. And this information would naturally increase very greatly his admiration for the strength of character of the Inspector, who in spite of the limitations of his office not only ventured to conduct cases, but also went so far as to attempt to bully the man under whose direction he was supposed to work.

There is always more or less of a temptation to read in a man's face an indication of his known character. Thus, when people look on John D. Rockfeller's mummified features, they immediately point out the signs of shrewdness and force of character; and they talk about evidences of acquisitiveness and retentiveness and a lot of other things with four-syllable names. In the same way one is led to see a world of meaning in the face of the subject of this article, and to read all kinds of lessons from that aggressive, big nose and that rather contracted forehead. To watch the Inspector at work at his desk in the police court, is to get a clear understanding of the determination and methodic persistence of this officer. There is even something vindictive about the quiet energy with which he keeps steadily making entries in his books, only looking up now and then over his glasses to throw a glance at the prisoner in the dock, or to give a brief instruction. But even when he is least active one feels that he is following every step of the case, and is ready at a moment's notice to take a hand in the proceedings should he see fit—as he often does. There is an ominous character to all this system and ceaseless watchfulness, and one can see that the prisoners realize it by the nervous glances they cast in his direction. His every feature and every action produce the one impression of fanatical determination.

Inspector Archibald's record in his present position, which he has held for three or four years, bears out the truth of the estimate of his character one would form from his features. From the beginning he has shown himself to be an aggressive man, steadily assuming greater and greater authority in the court, until he has now come to supersede the Crown Attorney in a large number of cases. He has throughout shown the same fanatical devotion to his narrow ideals. In the matter of Sunday observance, for instance, he has held obstinately to the most rigid interpretation of the law, and the result has been a number of prosecutions, which, whatever might be said for them on strict points of law, are looked on with disfavor by the general public. The majority of Toronto people want less stringent interpretation of Sunday-observance laws, but against this view the Inspector has resolutely set his face. And his fanaticism is all the more unfortunate, as he occupies a position which if filled by a man of tact and judgment, offers excellent opportunities for the easing of those restrictions, which prove so irksome to a large part of the population. In the proper hands this could be done, without at the same time giving any looser rein to license. But, of course, this would require great judgment, inexhaustible patience, and a simply unfailing tactfulness. And in all these qualities Inspector Archibald signally fails.

This article is written without any personal animus against Inspector Archibald, and with a full recognition of his really excellent qualities. His industry and courage and devotion to what he conceives to be his duty are worthy of high praise. But more than this is required if he is to rise to the opportunities of his position, especially in view of the authority he has assumed. And more than this he has not. As a result he is responsible for a large part of the unpleasant and objectionable features in the operation of the police courts, and also, in great measure, for the unenviable reputation for fanaticism and hidebound Puritanism which Toronto has acquired in other centres. It is therefore high time that Inspector Archibald should be put back into his real position, that of a police officer. He has too long acted as a sort of Crown Attorney, and the results have not been satisfactory. The real holder of that position should therefore assert his rights, and take into his own hands the conducting of the cases which have been hitherto given over to the Inspector. Especially should he exercise his authority in the matter of deciding whether or not there should be any prosecution at all. Too many people have been brought up on charges that should never have been laid, and it is time for the Crown Attorney to intervene. Being a good lawyer, as well as man of judgment, it is likely that he would thus do much to relieve certain evils, which have been unpleasantly brought to the attention of the public. The change would be better for the public, for the observance of the law in Toronto—it might even be better for Inspector Archibald.

C. Q. D.

Theoretically seeds appear to be immortal, said Dr. F. F. Blackman in a lecture on the "Vitality of Seeds and Plants" at the Royal Institution, London, the other day. Extremes of heat and cold which no animal life could resist seemed incapable of affecting the vitality of seeds. Exposure to 100 degrees Centigrade, the boiling of water, or to 200 degrees of cold did not take away their power of germination. Seeds which had been steeped in ammonia, and even corrosive sublimate, were found by Romans still capable of germinating. Of seeds which were eighty-seven years old, Dr. Becquerel found three out of every ten capable of germinating. Professor Ewart found that two in every ten seeds 105 years old would germinate. The power of germination would seem to be indestructible if the story was true that a sort of poppy, unknown at the present day in Greece, had been grown from seeds found in an ancient Greek silver mine that had not been worked for 1,500 years.

Little Talks on Toronto.

(1) SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

By Okemo

"DR." SMUGLEY was created an LL.D. by the University of Toronto, because he had made a million out of hides and stock, and had endowed a chair of systematic theology in a college. Being a citizen of large house and expanding views, he was fond of entertaining distinguished Englishmen and Yankee financiers. Sir John Bigsbee was a London banker. Mr. Chinkup was a Chicago capitalist. Both were practically interested in Canada; one having bought civic debentures and railway bonds; the other having established a branch factory on the Canadian side for the manufacture of valves and other blowing-off apparatus. They met at Dr. Smugley's house this summer. Between the three financiers and young Bob, the doctor's only son—a pale young man who had hurt his knee in college Rugby and went with a cane—they contrived to discover more things about Toronto than they ever could have learned on a tally-ho.

The doctor ordered his carriage. Early in a July afternoon the quartette started off. The first day was spent in showing natural scenery, which is quite common in Toronto.

"I say, Dr. Smugley, what are those large, dense trees with the huge leaves? Not maples?"

"Ah! The horse chestnut. We have miles of those, Sir John."

"Yes, we're proud of our Toronto chestnuts," said young Bob.

"Oh!" said Sir John. "I suppose this was all chestnut forest once then?"

Mr. Chinkup lighted a fat cigar. "Those chestnuts came from the Southern States, or I miss my guess."

"Eh, what? Importing United States trees into Canada? My word! that's as bad as carrying coals to Newcastle—or pork to Chicago, Mr. Chinkup."

"Most British city in all the colonies, Sir John," smiled Bob, with a wink at Chinkup. "Why, we've got a maple planted by King Edward."

"Really? I suppose that's how your National Anthem came to be the 'The Maple Leaf Forever'?"

"Ah! but we've outgrown that Sir John," explained

the doctor, "though both words and music were written by the late Alexander Muir, of Toronto. I knew him well."

As a matter of fact, Muir and Smugley had never met—till the day of the balladist's funeral.

"What's the National ditty now, doctor?" Chinkup lifted his Panama and mopped his bald head with a silk handkerchief which he bibbed into his collar.

"Well, we are not quite sure. One of our National weeklies—an American publication by the way——"

"Sure! Branch factory in Canada, d'you see? That's the game. But what about it?"

"Given a prize for," set of English words to a French-Canadian air," elucidated Bob. "Yah. You see 'O Canada!' was composed in Quebec a long while ago; got to be all the rage down there—but the language and literature were too bang-up French to suit Ontario——"

"Capital! Most ingenious. Unite the two races in one song. Ah! now when the French-Canadians translate the words into French——"

"By George! there'll be a tricolor moon in the sky," said Chinkup. "It's up to the United States now to offer Canada a prize for the best words to 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Ten chances to one some American 'ud get at that."

For a mile or so the talk hinged upon the "Canadian navy," gunboats on the lakes, and the meaning of the Monroe doctrine as applied to Canada, some of which was rather nebulous to Chinkup.

"What parks's this, doctor?"

"High Park; by some called Howard."

"Bang-up piece of property; cost a million or two I guess, eh?"

"No; the land was a gift to the city by old Mr. Howard who lived here—a fine old English gentleman."

"Oh! Dead or alive? Hym! Where's that man's monument?"

Young Bob pointed with his cane at a stone column on the brink of the gorge. "Buried there at his own request, Mr. Chinkup."

"Hmh! Own expense, too, I guess. Say; that's a new one on me."

Chinkup lighted a twenty-cent cigar. Dr. Smugley pointed out the idyllic highlands of the Humber, going into a sedate and plausible rhapsody over its "historic and poetic charm."

"Then six miles east we have another lovely river—the Don."

"My word! Two fine rivers and a whole background of hills and ravines? Bless my soul!"

"Heavens above! Not a copper of interest on debentures for the finest local improvements a city could ever have. Why we'd pay millions in Chicago for just one ravine—and you've got a whole series of 'em!"

Often at the church Dr. Smugley had sung, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." He felt like singing it now. Toronto had never seemed so gloriously magnificent. He pointed out woodlands, nooks and sylvan crannies, fit habitation for an Ariel; splendid sweeps of landscape that swung down like huge hammocks a hundred feet beneath bridge after bridge—till at length they got through Riverdale Park on to the banks of the lovely Don, which he told his guests had been much celebrated by Toronto artists; in fact, he, himself, had once bought a picture of it.

"Yes; I'm sure your artists have every reason to feel grateful to God," commented Sir John. "Nothing like a variety of natural objects and splendid scenery to stimulate art. Uh—now what on earth's this, Dr. Smugley?"

They had passed the comely, commanding jail, and were looking fair down a dyked-in reach of water as straight as a chalk-line.

"Yes; you see—we straightened the Don some years ago, expecting to use it for shipping, but——"

"Hum! Piles rotting, and never a schooner's been up," commented Mr. Chinkup. "Well, that's one way to earn interest on your investment.

"What's been the trouble?" asked Sir John.

Dr. Smugley explained that it was mainly owing to a deadlock between Government and city. The Marine Department of a Liberal Government had boycotted Toronto, which habitually sent five Tory members to the House.

Chinkup was hugely aroused; making it very plain to both Sir John and Smugley that Chicago would have done the whole contract and charged it up to the Government—when the eyeglasses of Sir John got a glimpse of a long curving wraith of treescape to the south—seeming to protrude like a mirage from the waters of the lake.

"Ah, yes—that's the Island, Sir John."

Chinkup stopped the horse and rose in the rig. He took a critical look over Toronto Bay dotted with yachts and dinghies, canoes and ferryboats.

"Say; d'you mean to tell me that five miles of sandbar was put there without a cent of cost to this city?"

Dr. Smugley smiled again; nodding benignly.

"Well; that's the plumb limit, Sir John!" He fired another fat cigar as they drove on. "Why that 'ud be worth a hundred million dollars to Chicago!" he said wildly waving his arms.

"Perfectly lovely!" said Sir John.

Great Caesar's Ghost! Six square miles of natural harbor—and nothing doing but pleasure boats and a few passenger steamers. Phew!"

"We've got stone-hookers, too," observed Bob with a yawn. "Say, did you ever hear of Ned Hanlan, Mr. Chinkup?"

"Champion oarsman—sure I have!"

"That's where Ned did his training. That's worth something, I guess!"

"My word! isn't it though!" said Sir John; who also remembered the greatest oarsman ever known in the world, and was duly impressed with the fact that here before his very eyes was the stretch on which he had learned to row; yonder the palatial, batten-cracked hotel built by a grateful city on the point that bore the name—'Hanlan.'"

But Chinkup was violently sarcastic.

"What's over there, anyhow?"

"Oh, baseball grounds, and a figure eight and a ferris wheel."

"Well; that's going some. But what's all that centre part with the willow trees?"

"Oh, that's another park; two or three hundred acres in that, with the finest system of natural lagoons you ever looked at; all owned by the city—got for a song."

"Oh! Anything doing there? Any big hotel—orchestra concerts?"

"No; but it's the finest city playground in Canada—in America, I guess."

"I see. Had a big blow-out there on Dominion Day, I suppose. Bands and fireworks and speeches, eh?"

No, just play; twenty thousand people in the park, and about as many more at the Point; but from the city you'd never know they were there if you'd didn't see the boats a carrying them over."

"Great Judas Priest!" shouted Chinkup. "Is this the English-speaking centre of the British Colonies—or is it Sleepy Hollow?"

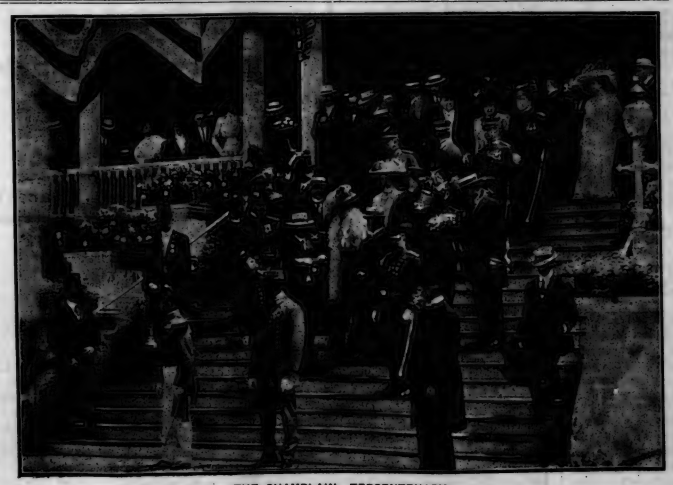
Sir John said he presumed Mr. Chinkup was thinking about the Fourth of July; and he for one felt very thankful that the people of Toronto had no desire for any such boisterous holiday. At the same time he admitted that in half a day's driving he had seen more natural opulence untouched by either commerce or art, than he had ever beheld in any other city anywhere.

"Well, I guess—yes!" insisted Chinkup. "For natural scenery and unnatural, fog-eyed indifference, Toronto's got any place I ever got into—skinned a mile!"

But Dr. Smugley benignly reminded them that as yet they had not seen Scarborough Cliffs, which were really finer than all the rest put together. At which Chinkup took a fit of incredulous sneering; all the way up Yonge street, acting so like a man who had discovered a silver mine, that Sir John felt relieved when at last they got away into the seclusion of Queen's Park.

One of the most historic spots in England is for sale. It is Magna Charta Island, where is famous Runnymede, containing the table on which King John is said to have signed the epoch-making document nearly 700 years ago.

Mme. Schumann-Heink started singing on the stage as Azucena in "Il Trovatore" when she was seventeen, and later lost her job because she married without leave.



THE CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY.
Members of the Diplomatic Corps on the Steps of the Hotel Champlain.

After Flying---What?

THE late Lord Kelvin, who had lived to see himself accepted as the Nestor of modern science, declared, with all the immense weight of his authority, that human flight, with either dirigible balloons or aeroplanes, was unattainable as a practical proposition. Lord Kelvin was marvellously clear-sighted, in spite of his eighty years; yet, in this instance, he failed to discern what was obvious to less gifted intelligences. Even while he spoke the Wright brothers were actually flying in Ohio, and Count Zeppelin was perfecting his great airship on the shores of the Lake of Constance. But very few then believed the stories of what the Wrights were doing, and most people smiled pityingly at the German inventor's lumbering efforts to get his mighty war-bird afloat. Now, kings are eager to fly with the imperturbable Ohioans, and the once discredited Zeppelin has become the pride and hero of his country, while his aerial leviathan circles over Germany with squads of soldiers aboard. European Cabinets are studying the problem of defence against squadrons of invading airships. Engine-builders are considering how they can improve the designs of motors for aeroplanes. A hundred inventors are trying to devise new forms of flying machines; and the ecstatic delight expressed by those who have enjoyed the sensation of skimming like a swallow through the air is rapidly developing a craze for flying, which is intensified by recollection of the pleasures of automobiling. And, to cap all, the meteorologists are beginning to study the atmosphere from the point of view of the aeronaut. It has long been suspected that the birds know secrets of the air which aid them in their feats of aerostation, and at last exploring balloons are revealing some of these secrets. It may truly be said that the conquest of the air is actually under way.

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The question now arises—what next? It is not man's nature to stand still, especially in this age of scientific marvels. Each advance calls immediately for another; each acquisition of power helps us towards some further conquest. The field is illimitable, and the problems are right at hand. Suppose we look at some of these problems. It is generally agreed that human flight will find its first applications in war and in amusement. The fighters and the pleasure-seekers will virtually have the new field to themselves. The great business of the world—transportation, the exchange of products, travel on the large scale—will not be much affected. The railroads and the ocean liners are not threatened with serious competition. Exploration will doubtless gain something; the conquest of the poles and other hitherto inaccessible parts of the earth may be facilitated, but the really pressing needs of humanity do not lie in those directions. What man most urgently wants is increased power over Nature on the surface of the earth. To attain this, he must utilize energies which now go to waste as far as he is concerned. Among the greatest of these energies is the flood of radiation that the sun pours over us every day. The solar heat is a store of force that comes to us without cost and in unlimited quantity. But its very vastness presents a difficulty. It is so widespread that we cannot well grasp it. We take it at second-hand, or at third-hand. It lifts up clouds of vapor, and spreads them over the mountains, where they condense into water, and as gravitation brings the water down again we seize upon the streams and rivers and make them drive water-wheels and dynamos. But in all these processes there is an enormous loss. Why wait for Niagaras? Why not take the energy as it descends direct from the sun?

* * *

Think for a moment what that energy is. On every thirty square feet of surface it is equivalent to one horse-power acting continuously. A space of thirty square feet measures only about five and a half feet on a side. On a small rug thrown on the ground, then, the sun pours a horse-power of energy which, if we knew how to utilize it, would be continuously at our service as long as the sun was unclouded. Catch the solar energy expended on a space one hundred feet square, and you would have three hundred and thirty-three horse-power. On an acre it would amount to more than fourteen hundred horse-power; on a square mile to nearly a million horse-power. The deck of a steamer at sea receives enough energy from the sun to drive its engines. It would be discreditable to human genius if no attempt had been made to utilize all this force. We have learned to fly—good! Now let us learn a still greater thing. The effort is being made; solar engines already exist, but they are yet in the stage of the early experiments in flying. The principle of the solar engine is to concentrate the sun's rays, and make them do their work at first hand. There is nothing new in this, just as there is nothing new in the underlying principle of the airship. Every schoolboy has read of Dædalus and Icarus with their wings, and of Archimedes with his burning mirrors. Modern science has just made the dream of Dædalus a reality; it remains to do the same thing with the hint supplied by the great geometrician of Syracuse, when, with the aid of the sunbeams, he set fire to the Roman galleys attacking the port. And the second achievement promises greater things for humanity than the first.

* * *

Many years ago John Ericsson showed how the thing could be done, over in New York. Later, Mouchot, a Frenchman, made a solar engine which from one hundred square feet of mirrors reflected to a focus enough solar heat to develop one horse-power of energy, which he made available with a boiler. With one hundred square feet of surface there should have been more than three horse-power at his disposal, but he could utilize only one. Yet the fact that he succeeded so far was prophetic of future achievement. A considerable advance has been made since the days of Ericsson and Mouchot, but the magic touch which will make solar motors as common, in all fairly cloudless countries, as windmills in Holland, is yet to be given. One of the greatest of these engines now in existence is at South Pasadena, in California, where it is employed to pump water for irrigation. The apparatus is in the shape of an enormous bottomless dish, thirty-three and a half feet in diameter, and composed of seventeen hundred and eighty-eight small mirrors, so arranged that they all act together in concentrating the sun's rays at a common focus, where is situated a boiler of one hundred gallons capacity. The machine is mounted like a telescope, to follow the sun as it travels across the sky. The heat at the focus is so great that it fires a stick of wood just as a match is lighted over a burning lamp. A flexible tube conveys the steam from the boiler to the engine, and the motor develops the equivalent of ten horse-power, pumping water from a well at the rate of fourteen hundred gallons per minute. It is not the sun that makes deserts. If the solar energy that is poured down upon Sahara could be set to work pumping water from artesian wells, that vast sand-waste might be made the great garden of the world. Even in countries where the sun is clouded part of the time, such motors would be of immense service; and, once installed, there would be no expense for fuel, since if the sun is the greatest of monopolists he charges nothing for his products, or even for their transportation. But the greatest use for solar motors would be in lands—and there are many such—where no clouds form for four or six months in succession.

* * *

Another vast source of energy which at present escapes our control is presented by the tides. Twice every day the attraction of the moon and the sun, combined with the rotation of the earth on its axis, causes an upswelling of the waters of the sea to pass round the globe. The energy represented by this phenomenon is almost incalculable. It is drawn from the revolution of a flywheel eight thousand miles in diameter, and weighing six sextillions of tons—or, in figures, 6 000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. That enormous flywheel, it is hardly necessary to say, is the earth itself. Stand on the seashore when the tide is coming in, and watch the combing breakers assail the land; or, better still, visit the Bay of Fundy, where, owing to the configuration of the shores, the tidal wave is narrowed and concentrated, and see the stupendous uplift of the water—reaching a height, in some places, of sixty feet—and then reflect on the amount of energy which is thus expended with out benefit, except indirectly, but of which, nevertheless, man might avail himself if he knew exactly how to go at it.—Garrett P. Serviss, in T. P.'s Weekly.

TWO FAMOUS POLITICAL LITTERATEURS.

Rt. Hon. Lord Morley and Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, taken at a recent leven, are the authors of two of the finest biographies of the present generation, viz., "The Life of Gladstone" and "Lord Randolph Churchill" respectively.

The New Kind.

AMONG the passengers in a parlor-car was a reticent individual, desirous of reading his paper, and a talkative person, equally desirous of engaging the reserved one in conversation.

At first the reticent man took the questions of his neighbor in good part, returning short, but polite answers. Finally, however, he grew somewhat irritated at the persistence of the other.

"The grass is quite green, eh?" was the idle query that next came from the garrulous one, as he gazed through the window.

"Quite!" said the bored one, with a smothered growl. "But, then, consider what a change it is from the pink and mauve grass we've been having lately!"

THERE joined the police force of London a young Scotchman but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed one day to block the traffic on a certain thoroughfare where members of royalty were expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment, who thrust her head from the carriage window to remonstrate with him over the delay.

"I canna' let you pass, ma'am," answered the man of the baton.

"But, sir, you do not know who I am. I am the wife of a Cabinet minister."

"It dinna make na difference, ma'am," he answered. "I couldna let you pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

The Duke of Wellington was once attending morning service at some fashionable church, and was shown into the pew of a rich city man. The offertory was for the benefit of some important charity, and it was the custom in those days for the members of the congregation to place the money on the ledge of the pew in readiness for the collecting bag. The duke put down his modest shilling, whereupon the owner of the pew, who did not know who his illustrious guest was, put down a couple of guineas, looking supercilliously at the shilling already deposited. Without appearing to notice this, the duke calmly put down two more shillings. The city man promptly answered the mute challenge, and plumped down three more guineas. This was followed by the addition of two more shillings to the duke's pile. The snob was not to be beaten, so down went two more guineas. At this moment the bag came around, and the purse-proud individual with a lordly air swept his six guineas into the bag. The bag next came to the duke, who, in the most imperturbable manner, returned four shillings of the pile into his pocket, and placed in the bag the original shilling.

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The illustration herewith is a reproduction from an instantaneous photograph of a cricket game, with a Soho Reflex Hand Camera.

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Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back? Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.—Fligende Blatter.

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SPORTING COMMENT

BOBBIE KERR has at last come into his own again over there in England, and has avenged his two defeats by Cartmell by giving that speedy young gentleman a good beating in the hundred, as well as the two-twenty sprint. This is as it should be in the eyes of the Canadians, who find no explanation except except sudden loss of form for Kerr's earlier defeats. The Canadian sprinter had made much better time than that in which he was beaten, showing that he was not in condition. Now, however, that he seems to be rounding into shape, it is to be hoped that he will give a different account of himself.

* * *

THINGS surely seem to be in a parlous way with British sport. English athletes have always been among the best at almost any old game, but there were some sports which seemed to be their especial property. One was polo. But here their supremacy has been overthrown by an American team, and the coveted trophy comes to this side of the ocean. Another British monopoly was rowing. Some years ago, if anyone had suggested the possibility of a lot of Belgians winning the Grand Challenge Cup, people would have thought he was crazy. But here the team of the Club Nautique de Gand has taken the cup for the third time, defeating the fast crew of Jesus College, Cambridge. The Belgians took the lead in the beginning and held it to the end in spite of the desperate efforts of their rivals. They rowed strongly and with beautiful precision all the way through, and their time has been beaten only twice in the history of the race. They certainly seem to know how to row over there in Belgium, and their victories have probably been due to a superior method. English conservatism is undoubtedly a good thing in many ways; but, perhaps, if they were to unbend so far as to take a lesson or two from their rivals, they might learn a trick that would help to restore their old supremacy.

* * *

ONE of the sensational feats of the automobile meet at Blue Bonnets, Montreal, was Burman's driving in the 100-mile race. He did it in 1 hour, 44 minutes, and 40 seconds. This is not the world's record, but it is very close to the fastest time in the books. He might have cut off a minute, too, if the rocker-arm of his machine had not tightened up in the last five miles of the race. It took just one minute to make the necessary repair. It was a great piece of driving. The accompanying picture shows how he looked while engaged in it.

* * *

IN discussing the question "Has Lawn Tennis Improved?" the current issue of Lawn Tennis, says: "When the lawn tennis players talk lawn tennis, which they are just as prone to do when in each other's company, as golfers are to talk of golf or yachtsmen yachting, they sometimes discuss whether the game has improved; that is to say, whether the best players of to-day are better than the players of ten or twelve years ago. It forms a rather safe subject for discussion because whichever side you take you cannot possibly be proved to be wrong, and, therefore, when, as sometimes happens, I am appealed to for my view it does not perturb me greatly to find that I am usually one of the minority. For, contrary to what I find to be the prevailing belief, I hold that lawn tennis has not improved during the past decade.

"It seems to be regarded as axiomatic that a game, like a wine, must necessarily improve with age. The other day a man said to me, 'Don't tell me that the game hasn't improved. It must have.' And that argument apparently sufficed for him. Another that helps this view is that the latest impressions are the most vivid. This is why some of us thought a couple of years ago, and perhaps still think, that Norman Brookes and Miss May Sutton are the finest players that have been. Some people who boldly make this assertion have never seen the Dohertys at their best, and know absolutely nothing of the pre-Doherty era.

"I am willing to admit that in one of the branches the game has improved. I refer to the service. The American service, as it is termed, is a potent weapon of attack, which has only materialized during the last few years, and Brooke's successes over here were due in a great measure to the fact that he had realized its potency, and had been one of the first to exploit it. For when it is better understood it will be far less terrible. Every day the number of American players is increasing, and consequently everybody is learning how to play their deliveries. When Brookes returns to England, an event to which we are all looking forward with the keenest interest, I venture to prohesy that unless he has some other novelty up his sleeve, he will not be as hard to tackle as he was before. Whether England will have any one to tackle him successfully is another question.

"Turning to the department of the game I am quite sure that the art of volleying has, if anything, declined. We must go back more than a decade, to such men as H. S. Barlow and the late H. S. Mahoney, for the best illustration of the way the volleying game, pure and simple, ought to be played, though there have been others, both during and after their time, who were better all around men, while as an exponent of ground play, S. H. Smith was *facile princeps* for quite ten years before 1907, without showing any marked improvement, at any rate during the last five.

"Coming to the all around men, there are many old stagers who aver that Wilfred Baddeley and J. Pim, the Irishman, who at their best were to all intents and purposes dead level, have never been surpassed. Pim, I believe, does not think so, at any rate, as regards himself. He was a bit passe when he first encountered the Dohertys, but, even allowing for that, his opinion was, and I believe still is, that at their best they were better than he ever was. I am willing to accept that because it does not affect, and, in fact, rather helps my argument. R. F. Doherty reached his best about 1899; H. L. Doherty was at his best from about 1902 to 1904. Both are beginning to show signs of dropping out of championship play, and I do not think that it can possibly be contended that either of them is as good as he was. I have heard it contended, and quite recently, too, of 'R. F.,' but the assertion, however true it may be of private play, cannot be supported by any evidence of public form. As for 'H. L.,' who is at present unfortunately hors de combat owing to ill health, his last public performance was his defeat by Alexander on the Riviera. I did not see the match, but it seems tolerably clear that he was not in anything like the form which enabled him to hold Brookes in 1906. My conclusion, therefore, is that even if the game has improved since Pim and Baddeley were at their best, it has certainly not improved since the Dohertys have been at the head of it.

"My conclusion with the doubles is the same. It is a moot point whether the Dohertys at their best would have beaten the Baddeleys at their best, for the twins had begun to 'go off' when the Dohertys met and beat them at Wimbledon in 1897. But I am content to admit that there has never been quite as good a pair as the Dohertys. As we all know, they were twice beaten for the championship after 1897, each time by Smith and Riseley, the other great pair of the last decade. I think the Dohertys were at their best form 1897 to 1901, when they were practically invincible.

"With the play of the ladies I am reluctantly compelled to deal more briefly. In spite of all that we heard and read in 1906 and 1907 about the standard of play among women being so high, I am positive that no player of the present day, not even Miss Sutton herself, is as good as Miss Dod was on the all too rare occasion when she won the championship. Miss Sutton is a player of more than average ability, full of keenness and pluck, with about twice the ordinary woman's strength, and it was by her strength as much as anything that she won over here, coupled with the fact that she succeeded in establishing a 'funk' among our players which was quite pitiable. The way in which she came, saw and conquered, all in a short space of time, recalls Miss Dod's similar achievements, but if Miss Dod, playing as she played the year before she resigned the championship, could have appeared in 1907, she would have beaten Miss Sutton and all others into the bargain."

* * *

THE newest thing in the field of International sport, says the New York Sun, is the proposal for the formation of an International Federation for the government of swimming, water polo and other aquatic sports. Word has come from Paris, France, of a call being issued for a meeting on August 1. The countries asked to the meeting are Austria, Australia, Belgium, Denmark, France, Finland, Germany, Hungary, Sweden, South Africa and Great Britain. America is not included in the list so far as is known, nor is it likely from the tone of the circular that the Yankees are to have a voice in shaping the destinies of the new body.

BURMAN WINNING THE 100-MILE RACE AT MONTREAL.

One of the things more than probable is that the present amateur definition of a swimmer in the European countries will be subject to alteration, or there may be a brand new definition sprung on the conclave. Each of the nations has its own peculiar clauses outlining the amateur. That there will be a number of suggestions forthcoming is a certainty. It is understood that England will have a lot to do with the framing of new rules and clauses, and her representative will be to the front with a long string of proposals.

The English want a mutual recognition of all suspensions, and that there be a definite rule as to the acceptance of a world's record. Another suggestion which the English delegate will bring up is that each country nominate two representatives to the federation, a meeting of the federation to be held at least every four years, or, provided that three nations give notice that they desire a meeting, the expenses of the federation to be borne equally by the countries holding membership. England's suggestions regarding the amateur definition are important. German amateurs may receive pay for teaching elementary swimming, but they shall not be qualified to compete as amateurs until twelve months after the termination of such instruction, and then only by recognition of the governing body.

It is proposed that in Sweden and Finland, amateurs may take payment for teaching elementary swimming in swimming schools under the National Swimming Association in their respective countries, but such payment must be made from moneys received from the Government or municipal authorities. No amateur will be allowed to teach outside of his own country. Each country's own amateur laws are to be binding, and when a swimmer leaves his own country temporarily, he shall be subject to his own laws. A swimmer turning professional in any country can never be reinstated by the federation. England also makes the suggestion that no country shall have the power to announce or hold a world's championship without the full consent of the federation.

South Africa will be heard from with some propositions, one of which is that "amateurs being paid for instruction in life saving and resuscitation of the apparently drowned under the Royal Life Saving Society shall not thereby endanger their amateur status."

Australia intends to have quite a lot to say in the convention. The men from the Land of the Southern Cross will propose that exceptions be made in regard to games and pastimes not coming within the pale of athletics exercises, in which amateurs may compete with or against professionals and not lose their status; that a swimmer becoming a professional may be reinstated, provided he abstains from competition for a specified time. Regarding the records, the colonials propose that records shall be accepted when made in tidal salt waters, that the wearing of drawers underneath the costume be not insisted upon in record performances, and that records made in handicap events have the same value as those in scratch events.

Germany is going to make a bold stand; that only the metric distances should be recognized by the federation, and that to the standard events there be an addition in the shape of the 200 metres back stroke and 400 metres breast stroke; furthermore, that it be lawful for swimmers to wear whatever costume is permitted by their native association. The most original suggestion of all is the last on the German list. It touches on the starting of all races, and it is that the start shall be made in the water, not with a plunge. It is claimed that the plunge is a material aid and entirely foreign to the competition.

It is hinted that Belgium will agitate for a more liberal definition of the amateur. There is an idea among the Belgians that unless a man makes his living out and out by any branch of sport he is an amateur.

PLAYFAIR.

"I have decided to suspend your sentence," the judge began. "For the lord's sake, judge, you don't mean to say lifting a few chicken is a hanging matter."—New York Herald.

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The Development of the Novel.

A Brief History of the Rise of the Popular Form of Fiction Just Now Being Enjoyed Everywhere in Hammocks and Shady Places. : :

THE novel is the most abundant and characteristic form of contemporary literature. It is a form essentially modern, for in less than two hundred years it has come to so wonderful a growth.

The word itself is much older, but in a different sense. In law, the "novels" were the later decrees, added to Justinian's code. In letters, they were any new thing.

"Some came," said Latimer in the sixteenth century, "to hear some novels." From this derivational meaning the term has now entirely passed.

Humorous critics have found material for a jest in the dissidence of the novel from that which is novel. For the novel has come to be something that is more easily recognized than defined.

If a definition must be attempted, it may perhaps be characterized as a fictitious narrative founded on the human passions. That the central motive should be the passion of love is almost invariable, though not essential. Its field is almost always real life and usually contemporary life.

A considerable degree of length, too, is a mechanical necessity, to mark the distinction from that much older form, the short story.

The novel, in this sense of the term, was created in England and in the eighteenth century. Its development had been foreshadowed in various ways by the literary schools of Italy and Spain, whose monuments are the "Decammeron," and "Don Quixote," and it was partially paralleled in France by the productions of Lesage; but as far as time and place can be set for the birth of a new idea in literature the honor of its paternity belongs most truly to the work of Samuel Richardson, Henry Fielding, and Tobias Smollett, during the decade between 1740 and 1750.

If there be a prior claimant of the distinction it is perhaps Daniel Defoe. That literary jack of all trades came pretty near the novel more than once.

It was late in life, at a time when he had reached the lowest depth of his misfortunes, that he turned his pen to the work that made him famous. The son of a London butcher, he had been a hosier, a tile maker, an accountant; had joined Monmouth's rebellion against James II., and narrowly escaped therefrom with his neck unstretched; had lampooned James' successor and had in consequence been sent to Newgate prison with his ears clipped off and a heavy fine hanging over his head, while outside, his wife and her six children were in peril of starvation.

His romances are didactic even before they are narrative—therein marking out a characteristic that English fiction has always displayed, and of which such foreign critics as Taine have oftentimes fallen foul.

"Robinson Crusoe," the one book of Defoe's two hundred and odd that has lived and always will live, is a mixture of sermon and story in almost equal parts. It tells the conversion of a sinner no less than the adventures of a castaway.

"Robinson Crusoe" was published in 1719. It was twenty-one years later, and nine years after Defoe's death, that there appeared a book whose prolix title page announced it as "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded, in a series of familiar letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents, published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the minds of the youth of both sexes; a narrative which has its foundations in truth, and at the same time that it agreeably entertains by a variety of curious and affecting incidents is entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct."

The moral tendency is again to the fore. The author will not let us make any mistake about that.

The teller of Pamela's pathetic story was Samuel Richardson, the son of a Derbyshire carpenter, who had come up to London, and for many years—for he was fifty-one when "Pamela" appeared — been in business there as a printer and bookseller.

He wrote but two other novels—"Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison"—the former made immortal by the character of "Lovelace."

The moral strain, as has been said, has run along the whole current of English fiction. There has never been an English-speaking Zola. The French theory that bids literature be artistic only, is squarely contradicted by every one of our great novels.

But there have been variations in the moral level. Excess produces reaction; and the studied refinement of Richardson brings out a protest in the coarser tones of Fielding and Smollett.

Fielding's first novel was an avowed burlesque of "Pamela." The maiden's innocence is made ridiculous by being transferred to her brother, Joseph Andrews, while in place of Richardson's young rake we have a mistress who acts the part of Potiphar's wife.

Tom Jones, his master character, is as thorough a scapegrace as he can draw him.

Fielding's books are not milk for babies; they are rough but wholesome meat for men. Rougher yet is the fare that Smollett sets before his readers.

He was a Scotchman who had served as a surgeon in George II.'s navy, and graduated as a novelist from that hard school with "Roderick Random," the story of a youth "impressed" for service aboard a man-of-war.

With Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, and in the decade between 1740 and 1750, the novel was fairly established. That decade saw the appearance of "Pamela" (1740), "Joseph Andrews" (1742), "Roderick Random" and "Clarissa Harlowe" (1748), and "Tom Jones" (1749).

Beyond the later works of these three authors, the only novels of the eighteenth century that the nineteenth cares to remember are "Tristram Shandy" and the "Vicar of Wakefield."

The former's claim to rank as a novel might perhaps be disputed. It is, in truth, a literary nondesript.

Was there ever such a conglomeration of absurdities and whimsicalities? Who but Laurence Sterne ever wrote four volumes of a biography before coming to the hero's birth? We can easily believe history when we read that Sterne was an Irishman, but we are surprised when it tells us that he spent most of his life as rector of an English parish, and prebendary of the diocese of York.

No wonder that Gray describes him in the pulpit as "often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience."

He is a unique figure in the history of letters; and yet in this artist of the odd and the grotesque, this student of exaggerations and peculiarities, this master of a humor as delicate as his pathos, this creator of such deathless types as poor "Yorick" and "Uncle Toby," we have the unmistakable prototype of Charles Dickens.

What a contrast to the rough and tumble horseplay of Fielding and Smollett is the tenderness of such characteristic and well remembered phrases as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." and "Uncle Toby's" address to a tormenting fly, captured and then released through the window—"Go, poor devil, get thee gone: why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me."

English literature owed Goldsmith to Ireland, as it had owed Sterne and Swift, and as it was to owe Burke, Sheridan and Moore.

"He touched nothing that he did not adorn" was the epitaph that Dr. Johnson wrote on his friend's grave; but though the "Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer" are gems each of its own kind, the brightest jewel in Goldsmith's crown of fame is the "Vicar of Wakefield."

It is a strange instance of the irony of fate that so exquisite a prose poem of rural life as the "Vicar of Wakefield" should have been written as was "Robinson Crusoe," in the gloom of a prison and under the stress of a debt from which Goldsmith was relieved by the kindness of Dr. Johnson, who got a bookseller to pay the captive sixty pounds for the manuscript.

The pioneer novelists had no lack of followers in a field that proved so fertile in supplying a popular demand. Domestic life is the favorite theme of the imitators of Goldsmith and Richardson. Their plots are always variations of the old, old story of a love that begins to "run smooth" only when it is nearly time to wind up the last of the book's four or five volumes.

Scott himself marks the next epoch in the development of the novel. "Waverley" appeared anonymously in 1814, took the world by storm, and was at length discovered to be the work of a Scotchman, who had already won high fame as journalist and poet.

Between 1814 and his death in 1832 its author accomplished one of the most marvelous of recorded literary achievements. Never, probably, have novels of such character appeared in such rapid sucession as did those in which Scott, to quote a Blackwood's reviewer, "did for literature what Shakespeare did for the drama—provided a long and gorgeous gallery of great, noble and sublime characters, that live in all memories."

The spur under which he worked during his last years was that of a truly heroic purpose. The publishing firm in which he was a partner failed for a very large sum—about six hundred thousand dollars—and Scott deliberately imposed upon himself the task of paying every penny of a debt from which he might easily have been made legally free.

In spite of severe illness, in spite of the loss of a beloved wife, he worked away with pathetic assiduity until exhausted nature failed, and he died just after the last creditor's claim was paid. Characteristic of a blameless nature were his deathbed words to his son-in-law—"Be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfrt when you come to lie here."

The "great enchanter," as Scott was often called, learned his magic from nature herself. In the ruins and the legends of the Scottish border, and still more in the moors and streams, the woods and mountains, of his native land, he found a new and romantic literary atmosphere, which he breathed until it became a part of his very being.

It was the unfailing delight of his boyhood to ramble through the dales of the Lowlands, exploring their wildest glens, poring over their old records, and sleeping in the shepherd's hillside huts. It was there and thus that he found the new and rich field of fiction that his genius made his own.

And, meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, James Fenimore Cooper's fertility too was comparable to Scott's; for more than thirty years—from the issue of "Precaution" in 1819 to his death in 1851—his pen was busy.

With Scott and Cooper began a veritable renaissance of the novel.

In England, William Godwin, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and many half forgotten writers kept up the original traditions of the novel as the portrayer of contemporary domestic life and manners; Mrs. Ratclyffe, in her "Mysteries of Udolpho," invoked the element of the weird and thrilling; Marryat made his experiences as an officer in the navy the theme of his dramatic narratives of adventure; George Payne Rainsford James, prolific author of nearly two hundred volumes, followed Scott, but with little of Scott's magic.

Just before Scott's death "Vivian Grey" revealed the precocious genius of Disraeli, and "Pelham" proved Bulwer's right to first-rate rank in fiction; and a few years later there came in rapid succession the early works of Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, and Charles Reade.

Charles Brockden Browne was probably, in point of date, the first American novelist; but it was Cooper who first gave to transatlantic fiction the flavor of the soil and the power that commanded a hearing.

Washington Irving began his authorship with "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York;" and his work most surely destined to immortality is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Irving died in 1859; Cooper in 1851. As they were leaving the stage of the American fiction, Nathaniel Hawthorne entered it.

In the same year as the "Scarlet Letter" there first appeared a story whose name is one of the most familiar of all book titles—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." But Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous tale of slavery days can legitimately figure in the annals of fiction only as showing the wonderful power that a novel may wield in the solution of great social and political problems.

At this same date, the middle point of the century, the great English novelists, mentioned as successors of Scott, were at the height of their fame.

Charles Kingsley had just expounded his theories of Christian socialism in "Alton Locke."

Charles Levr the brilliant Irishman, had left the editorial chair of the Dublin University Magazine to find a home in Italy, whence he sent forth "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley." Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," published in 1841, had won a popular success.

Another gifted woman had just achieved the literary 'sensation" of the hour in England. "Jane Eyre,"

Brilliant and brief was Charlotte Bronte's career. At thirty-two she, in Byron's phrase, awoke to find herself famous; at thirty-eight she died.

If a score of critics were called upon to select the one most typical instance of the English novel—a puzzling task, truly—"Vanity Fair" would, perhaps, be named more frequently than any other.

Taine sums up Thackeray's characteristics as those of one who, "a lover of moral disertations, a counsellor of the public, a sort of lay preacher, has brought to the aid of satire a sustained common sense, a summate cleverness, a powerful reasoning, and has persecuted vice with all the weapons of reflection." But if Thackeray is a preacher, his sermons are delivered with such marvellous skill that his audience never grows weary.

"Vanity Fair" was published in 1846, when Thackeray was thirty-five and the ten succeeding years saw the production of all his great novels.

Charles Dickens, a year younger than Thackeray, won celebrity much earlier. Like his brother novelist, he came to fiction from humorous journalism, his first book, the "Sketches by Boz," being a series of articles reprinted from the Morning Chronicle.

Dicken's debut on the literary stage was as a pure comedian; but he soon proved himself master of a pathos no less tender, and a sarcasm no less incisive. If Thackeray lectured his fellow countrymen, Dickens lashed them with stinging thongs of ridicule. Dickens' long career as a novelist, from "Boz" in 1836 to the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," which he left unfinished at his death in 1870, showed a continuous development of power.

Wilkie Collins, who was the close literary associate of his later years, was a specialist in the weaving of intricate plots.

Two more great names, before we come to the novelists of the present generation — Charles Reade and George Eliot. The former, the son of an Oxfordshire squire, a journalist, a playwright, a fellow of an Oxford college, won a high reputation in fiction with his exquisite "Peg Woffington," and confirmed it with "The Cloister and the Hearth."

The latter, whose real name was Marian Evans, produced half a dozen novels that show a striking power of analysis and a rare mastery of character.

Thackeray passed away in 1863, Dickens in 1870, Bulwer in 1873, George Eliot in 1880, Charles Reade in 1884. The voluminous Trollope author of a hundred respectable novels and no great one, died in 1882.

Their successors were the writers familiarly known to the living generation.

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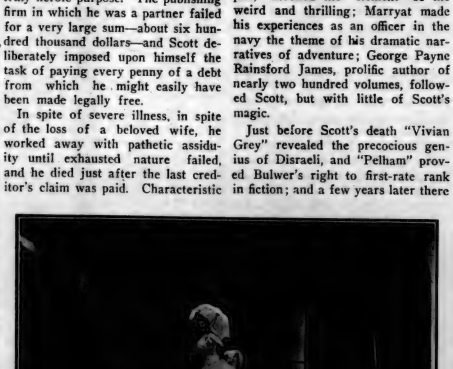

ROSE WENTWORTH, THE EQUESTRIENNE.

NOTHING in the Ontario Motor League's entertainment of the orphan children of Toronto at Scarboro Beach this week caught on the fancy of the little ones as the riding of Rose Wentworth, the dainty little equestrienne in the Hippodrome show. With her troupe of beautiful white horses, her fluffy skirts and her spangles the chubby little rider held her young admirers spellbound. Miss Wentworth has been three weeks at the Hippodrome, but she never tried so hard to please as she did for the orphans. She danced on the backs of her horses, jumped through hoops, changed mounts with the horses at a gallop, and generally gave what she called her "whole bag of tricks for the kids." Rose Wentworth is quite an interesting young person. She comes of a family of circus riders. The Wentworths are as well known in circusdom as Harry Lauder is to the vaudeville stage, and in her own sphere Rose Wentworth occupies the same position as Lauder. When Mr. James A. Bailey transported the great Barnum aggregation to Europe Miss Rose Wentworth went along as the premier equestrienne. She performed her riding act in every capital of Europe and her laurels did not suffer in comparison with the Spanish and French women-riders, who are probably the most expert and daring in the world. In fact, when the Barnum show was taken back to America. Miss Wentworth remained in Europe for another season, appearing in summer gardens in Vienna and Berlin.

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MUSIC

LAST week's instalment of the early musical history of Toronto concluded with the temporary dissolution of the first local Philharmonic Society in 1847. The society was started afresh in 1848, with Dr. Strathy as vocal conductor and pianist, and Mr. Schallehn as *chef d'attaque* of the orchestra. The first concert was given in the City Hall on December 28, 1849, and it created quite a flutter of excitement among the amateur and professional musicians of that day. The vocal forces contented themselves with giving glees and detached numbers from the works of the great masters, but the orchestra, it seems, was more ambitious, for on the programme we find the overtures "Der Freyschutz," "Masaniello," and "Cenerentola," the first of which in particular provided some interesting work, especially for the strings. On this occasion Dr. Strathy played a piano fantasia by Henri Herz.

The second concert was given at Temperance Hall, on January 31st, 1850, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Elgin. Dr. Holmes was the pianist. Mr. Schallehn gave as a violin solo Mayseder's "Air with Variations, op. 40," which was then considered a brilliant and difficult concert piece, to play which required an executant of no mean ability. Mr. Schallehn was evidently a versatile musician: he was a clever clarionet player, and was bandmaster of the 71st Regiment. Mr. James Dodsley Humphreys appeared at this concert with great success. The orchestra played the overtures to "Figaro," "Semiramide," and Lindpainter's "Joco."

The last concert was given in the City Hall on April 11, 1850, under the same patronage. The overtures given were "Anacreon," "L'Italiani," and "Norma." Mr. Schallehn played one of Paganini's compositions, a fact that gives additional strength to the supposition that he was a violinist of very considerable executive powers. On this occasion Mr. Adam Maul appeared as the solo clarionetist.

A blank of over one year now occurred, when the Toronto Vocal Musical Society was formed on the ruins of the old Philharmonic. Dr. McCaul was the president; Chief Justice Draper, vice-president; and Dr. Clarke, conductor. Dr. Clarke is recorded as being a conscientious and earnest musician, a clever composer, and an able and successful teacher of the pianoforte. During the latter portion of his career he composed a number of chamber trios and quartettes of an original and pleasing character, constructed upon the best classical models.

The Vocal Music Society, under Dr. Clarke's instruction, held what were called "opera meetings" in the Board of Trade rooms. St. Lawrence Buildings. The subscribers paid $5 a year as non-performers and $4 as active performers, and received two tickets for each meeting. At the first of these reunions, on May 11, 1851, the solo vocalists were Miss Davis (afterwards Mrs. F. Thomas) and Miss Harris. Miss Davis achieved a genuine success; she was an excellent singer, and from this date her name is constantly met with on the programmes of our local concerts. As the Mrs. Thomas of later days, this lady won distinction in private musical circles as a skillful amateur pianist, and an intelligent performer in ensemble work of a classical character. Among the choral numbers given at the first meeting was Handel's "Hailstone Chorus."

The second reunion took place on June 11 of the same year, when Miss Searle (afterwards Mrs. Hugh Clarke), Miss Harris, Miss Davis, and Mr. Bilton were the principal singers.

These "meetings" finally culminated in a public concert on December 30, 1851. The programme embraced selections from the works of Handel, Weber, Rossini and Mendelssohn. The soloists were Miss Davis, Mr. Hecht, baritone, and Mr. T. Cooper, tenor.

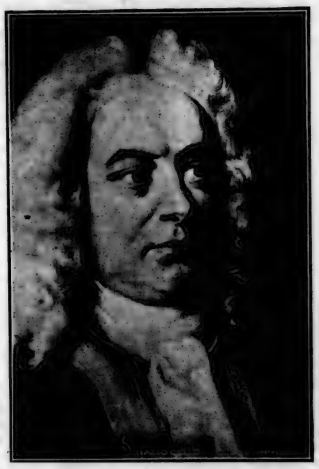
The second public concert was given on June 23, 1852, in the St. Lawrence Hall, in commemoration of Moore, the poet. Mr. Paige, tenor, and Miss Paige, soprano, made their appearance, and became great favorites with the public.

The final concert of the society took place on January 10, 1853, when it broke up in consequence of internal dissensions. It appears that Mr. Paige managed to get elected conductor, whereupon Dr. Clarke's friends seceded, and their assistance being indispensable, Mr. Paige was unable to keep the society in operation.

* * *

One of the saddest and most piteous chapters in mediæval history is that which tells of the crusade of vast companies of children which occurred in the year 1212. The Crusades extended from 1096 to 1273, and found their inspiration in a fanatical desire upon the part of Europeans to wrest the possession of the Holy Land from the hand of the infidel Turk.

During the interval between the Fourth and Fifth Crusades, this epidemical fanaticism that had so long agitated Europe seized upon the children, resulting in what is known as the Children's Crusade. Nothing better illustrates the spirit of the times than this singular movement.



The preacher of this crusade was a child about 12 years of age, a peasant lad, named Stephen of Cloyes. The boy appears to have been strangely stirred by the stories of the returned crusaders, the appeals of the preachers of a new crusade, and the mournful processions of the Church, symbolizing the captivity of Jerusalem. He brooded over these things until, like Joan of Arc, he was ready to see visions and hear voices. While in this frame of mind he was visited by a priest, who represented that he was Jesus Christ, and commanded him to lead a crusade of children to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. The child, fully believing the stranger was a messenger from heaven, straightway repaired to the tomb of St. Denis, near Paris, and began to preach a children's crusade. He was listened to with great credulity by the pilgrims to the shrine.

A sort of frenzy now quickly overspread France and Germany, the children being the chief subjects of the contagion. Everywhere minor prophets, as they were called, sprang up, and imitated the preaching of Stephen. The children became wild with excitement. To the places appointed for rendezvous—Vendome in France, and Cologne, in Germany—they flocked in vast crowds from all quarters.

The movement excited the most diverse views. While some attempted to restrain the children, others encouraged them in their mad enterprise.

The great majority of those who collected at the rallying places were boys under 12 years of age. But there were also many girls, besides a considerable number of fanatical monks and designing priests, as well as old men and women.

The German children, that had gathered to the number of about 40,000, at Cologne, were the first to move. One division, 20,000 strong, marching up the Rhine, through a country then wild and inhospitable, approached the Alps beneath the pass of Mount Cenis. Before they sighted the mountains, one half of their number had died, or fallen out by the way. Beneath the toil and exposure of the Alps many more of the children perished. The remnant of the little crusaders pushed on into Italy, reached Genoa, and confidently expected the sea would open and provide them a passage to Jerusalem. As they looked in vain for the opening in the waves, discouragement settled over their spirits, and they awoke to the fact that they had been deceived.

The second division of German children managed to reach Brundusium, on the east coast of Italy. From there some 30,000 sailed away into oblivion. Not a word ever came back from them.

The French children—about 30,000 in number—marched to Marseilles, and, finding the sea did not open, the greater part returned home; but 5,000 or 6,000, accepting the offer of two merchants, crowded into seven small ships and were carried off and sold as slaves in Mohammedan slave-markets.

The tragic and pathetic story of the Children's Crusade has received a wonderful musical setting at the hands of Gabriel Pierne, the great modern French composer, and the performance of this remarkable work, for which a special prize was awarded by the city of Paris in 1904, will be one of the chief, if not the chiefest feature of the Mendelssohn Choir programmes for next season.

* * *

On the last day of June I had the pleasure of listening to the final ante-vacation rehearsal of the 250 children who will participate in the Mendelssohn Choir's performance of the "Children's Crusade." There is something wonderfully appealing in the voice of the child, and when with this is combined a story of great pathos, and music that sympathetically reflects the same, the effect is an irresistible one.

The children, under the guidance of Mr. A. L. E. Davies, and aided by an intelligent support from Miss Twohy at the piano, have made very great progress in the one short month that they have been rehearsing. The music is mainly unison, but frequently divides into two and three part harmony. The children, also, are often divided into independent units or groups, which have to maintain their individuality in entrance.

The music is of peculiar and difficult tonality, and the children displayed surprising intelligence in making their entries and attacks, often preluded by measures containing no hint of the vocal harmony to follow. The work in shading and phrasing was also surprisingly good; and, in fact, the whole performance might have served as a reproach to many a mature chorus, so thoroughly has the work progressed since rehearsals began.

* * *

President Dixon, of Newcombe College, New Orleans, was in the city on Monday and Tuesday, looking for a likely man to take charge of the music department of that institution. The salary is to be $3,000 a year, and the work at first would consist in organizing the musical forces of the city into a teaching faculty. President Dixon remarked upon the strong traditional hold which French opera possesses in the city of New Orleans, this being due to the Creole element which once dominated, and is still fairly active.

* * *

From the latest number of the (London, Eng.) Musical Times, which is just to hand we learn that "Dr. Charles Harriss, who attended the Haydn Celebration at Vienna as the officially appointed delegate from the Dominion of Canada, sailed for Cape Town on June 19 in order to take part in the Municipal Musical Festival at which he will conduct his choric idyll, "Pan." During his stay in Cape Town, Dr. Harriss will be the guest of the city.

Well, talk about the busy bee! No doubt, by the time this goes to press another dispatch will state that Dr. Harriss has sailed from Cape Town to Alaska, where he will continue to beat his resonant "Pan" to attract the attention of all and sundry. But if Dr. Harriss is "the officially appointed delegate from the Dominion, why does not the mysterious official who appointed the delegate, hand his own name down to glory. Such modesty is unbecoming.

* * *

Miss Marie C. Strong, the singing teacher, went to Europe last week for a two months' vacation. While away Miss Strong will visit London, Paris, Rome, and other musical centres.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

One of the daintiest little lights of the concert stage to-day is Mark Twain's gifted daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, who is the fortunate possessor of a beautiful voice of the pure contralto type, of rather unusual depth.

Miss Clemens' ambition for a public career is hardly to be wondered at. It dates from her babyhood days, when dolls served for an audience and Modjeska and Ellen Terry were her unsuspecting teachers. From a child she was an incomparable mimic, a dramatic instinct inherited from her versatile and talented father, who must extract a world of quiet amusement from this lively little pocket edition of himself, with music added.

Miss Clemens has sung in America for the past two seasons, and has made a distinct success, by the beauty of her voice, the quick intelligence of her interpretations, and her attractive personality.

Epicure—Waiter, this steak is positively bad. It must be three weeks old. Waiter—Ah, pardon, monsieur! I have made ze mistake, and have brought you ze venizon. Epicure—Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may leave it. (Tastes it.) Ah! to be sure, it is venison; and very nice, too—very nice, indeed.—Town Topics.

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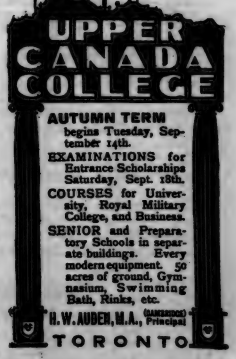

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THE other day Inspector-General Hornaday of that American institution, the G. A. R., told this story:

"I remember a little Japanese who attended one of our banquets," he said, smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife.

"I sat between the two and the lady said across me:

"'Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?'

"'Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom,' said the Japanese. 'We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that——'

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way:

"'Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam.'"

WHEN a Scotsman answers a question he settles the matter in dispute once for all. On a certain occasion the question was asked: "Why was Mary, Queen of Scots, born at Linlithgow?"

Sandy Kerr promptly answered: "Because her mither was staying there."

ANECDOTAL

A COWBOY named Broncho Bill had only one eye. One day he was approached by a tenderfoot, who was foolish enough to advance a query as to the missing optic.

"Lose it?" Bill thundered. "Did you say 'lose' it?"

"Why—er—yes," faltered the tenderfoot.

"Lose it, be hanged," said Bill ferociously. "I cut it out so's I wouldn't allus be havin' to shut it in drawin' a bead."

* * *

AN amusing story is told of a man who had been attending a memory class. On meeting a friend he was greeted with the words, "I hear you are attending this memory class. What do you think of it?"

"Greatest discovery of the age," remarked his friend enthusiastically. "I tell you it's a splendid thing. Why, a short time ago I couldn't remember anything for a day. I couldn't remember names and dates at all; and now, since I've taken up this system, I can't forget anything. No sir, I really can't."

"Is that so? I must look into the thing myself. What's the teacher's name?"

"Oh, his name—um—um—let me see. What is his name? I know it as well as I know my own. Odd sort of a name, but common enough, too. It's—it's—I had it at my very tongue's end just now. It's something like—like—hanged if I remember what it is. I'll find out and let you know. I never could remember names."

"WET WEATHER."
"G-goo' night, you ch-chaps—toodloo."—The Tatler.

* * *

A LITTLE girl was greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands of tar around the fruit trees, and asked a great many questions. Some weeks later, when in the city with her mother, she noticed a gentleman with a mourning band around his left sleeve.

"Mamma," she asked, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"

* * *

Mrs. Smith was showing a visitor a new hat tree she had recently purchased, when little Samuel came in and neglected to remove his hat. Thinking to teach him a lesson, she said: "Samuel, what did I buy that hat tree for?"

"For $1.98," answered Samuel, promptly, "but you said I wasn't to tell anybody."

* * *

A GENTLEMAN in Dublin, speaking of the Irish, said that nothing ever satisfied them, and that he was willing to prove his words on a wager that if he should go to the door and call a cab, no matter what the fee he would give the driver would ask for more. The wager was for ten pounds sterling. The gentleman called a cab, drove about a quarter of a mile, stepped out, and handed the driver a ten-shilling goldpiece, the legal fee being one shilling. Cabby drove off. The gentleman who had taken the wager was exulting in his triumph, when suddenly the cabby returned, and, touching his hat, said:

"Please, sir, have ye a durty thre'pennybit about ye? It would be such a pity to break a bright piece of gold like this for a drink!"

* * *

IT would seem that the six-year-old daughter of a certain civil servant is at times harassed with doubts touching her own future conduct of life.

"Father," said she, "I'd like to have your advice about something."

"Well, daughter," answered the father, with the solemn air and speech he affects at such times, "upon what point am I to be taken into your confidence? Whatever it may be, I promise that I shall give it my earnest consideration."

"It's this," said the child. "When I get through school, what would you advise me to do while I'm waiting to get married?"

* * *

A MALE Malaprop is said to have asked Sidney Smith this question at a dinner table:

"Aw, Mr. Smith! Do you know in which of his journeys around the world Captain Cook was killed—his first, or his last?"

Sidney Smith looked up quickly.

"I believe it was on his first voyage," said he; "but he doesn't seem to have minded it much, for he immediately set out on his second!"

* * *

A CERTAIN Australian politician, famed as a fiery and eloquent orator, had been retired temporarily from the arena by an untoward combination of circumstances, and announced that, in order to tide over the period of inactivity, he was open to engagements upon the lecture platform. He received a visit one day from representatives of a society that desired to negotiate for his services. After the formalities:

"What is your price for delivering an address, Mr. Blank?" asked one of the strangers.

"Ten pounds for, fifteen against," was the prompt reply.

"You said?"——queried the puzzled and startled questioner, after a pause.

"Ten for, fifteen against. I mean I will speak in favor of any plan or subject you may choose for ten pounds or against it for five more."

"Why the distinction?" asked the negotiator, becoming interested.

"Common sense, that's all. In equity, if you should hire a man to wheel a barrow up a hill you would expect to pay him more than if you wanted him to wheel it down. It's considerably less work to support than it is to attack, so I've framed my schedule accordingly. Down hill is with a policy, up hill is against it. Make your choice, gentlemen."

* * *

ONE Sunday morning, in his younger days, Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug store, distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper. Mr. Moody approached this gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts upon the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then, looking up benignantly at Moody, asked:

"Are you a reformed drunkard?"

"No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back indignantly.

"Then why in h—— don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.

* * *

DR. CHARLES A. EATON, formerly of Toronto, and now pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, said in the course of a brilliant after-dinner speech in Cleveland:

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled.

"We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'

"'Look here, super,' said the stage manager, one night, 'I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter, 'The carriage waits, my lord.'

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.

"'More study! More study!' he groaned."

* * *

NOT only does every woman who enters an elevator turn round immediately, touch up her frizzes, and remove flakes of soot from her face, but men adjust their neck-ties, take a deliberate survey of themselves and inflate their chests like Colonel Sellers, of lamentable memory.

A little stenographer in a certain big building had been observing this peculiarity in the lords of creation. One day, having surprised a man making a more deliberate and careful scrutiny than usual, she expressed her opinion to "James," the elevator man:

"You needn't talk about the vanity of women after that," she exclaimed scornfully; "men look at themselves twice as long and twice as intently as the vainest woman that ever breathed."

"You didn't hear what he said to me, did you?" asked James.

"No."

"He said: 'I've been drunk four days, an' I just wanted to see how I looked.'"

* * *

DEAN STANLEY used to tell this story with relish:

He sent a note to a shoemaker about a pair of shoes that they were making for him, and the writing was so bad that the shoemaker couldn't make it out. So he returned the note to the dean, with a note of his own, saying that he was "unaccustomed to the chirography of the higher classes," and asked for a translation.

In telling the story the dean said he did not propose to be held responsible for the handwriting of the entire British aristocracy.

* * *

THERE is a merchant of a western city, a man of astute business sense, but of little education, who furnished most of the capital required to erect a theatre.

One day, just before the dedication of the new temple of art, the proud capitalist was showing a friend from the East the fine points of the place. When their tour of inspection had been finished, they stood awhile in the gallery looking down on the orchestra, which just then was rehearsing.

"What do you think of it?" demanded the merchant.

"Fine building," said the Easterner, "but it has no acoustic properties."

"What's that? What's that?" yelled the capitalist. "We'll see about that right away!" With which remark he strode from the side of his visitor and yelled through a speaking-tube, "Send the property-man to me at once!"

When that functionary had arrived he was greeted with:

"I'm told that there are no acoustic properties in this building! You're a fine one to be entrusted with the job of property-man. Take two week's notice!"

* * *

A GARRULOUS citizen started a conversation with an amateurish-looking newsboy in a quiet moment.

"Where do you get your papers, little boy?"

"I buy 'em from Jimmy Wilson."

"And who is Jimmy Wilson?"

"He's a newsboy—he buys 'em at the newspaper office."

"How much do you pay him for them?"

"Two cents."

"How much do you sell them for?"

"Two cents."

"But you don't make anything at that."

"Nope."

"Then why do you sell them?"

"Oh, just to get to holler."

SUCH IS FAME.
"Who's that bloke, Jimmy?" "Louis Cross-eye. Can't yer read?"—The Tatler.

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The pleasure lingers.
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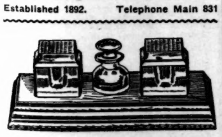

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Lady Gay's Column

A GREAT deal of fun is poked at the bargain-hunter, and sometimes she is rather provoking and absurd. But there are bargain-hunters to whom mere man should lift a respectful hat. I know a keen little dame who sometimes goes breakfastless to town to secure some hitherto unattainable bit of clothing or housefurnishing which has been announced for sale at marked-down figures. She sometimes comes back hungry and disappointed when the "bargain" turned out cheap and nasty, but in the majority of cases she bears sheaves with her, and having bought wisely and well, takes her breakfast and her pleasure in her purchase together. Men abhor bargains, because they are afraid of being cheapened in the eyes of other men. It is a rare individual indeed who buys and tells, whereas half of the form of securing a bargain, to a woman, is talking about it with her friends. She brags to men and women alike of a dollar saved, but not so, Mr. Man! He may be wearing a smart suit that happened to fit him and was a bargain, but he never says so. His hat, for which he sent the office boy, when he saw it marked for quick sale, may have cost 79 cents instead of three dollars, but you may wager your last coin that he never confides the fact to his men chums. Once a man told me he had secured a bargain. I shall never forget the shock it gave me. The revelation was made in the water and the bargain was his bathing suit. I edged away from him instanter, for bargain bathing-suits might do anything. And this one didn't disappoint me. It ran and it shrank, and, in self-defence, so did its hapless wearer! No, a man and a bargain don't seem to belong together.

*

I did a pleasant thing the other afternoon. Away off in Western Ontario, where the lake washes upon a fine beach, live Adam and Eve, in an Eden which is up to the original in everything but the serpent. Wild rabbits, squirrels and a perfect medley of birds are the creatures, with house pets, cat and dog, of course, but no snakes; 'tis like holy Ireland that way! To get to Eden a trolley car invited me, and away I sped, only to be dumped a mile and a half shy of my goal. Did you ever notice that when one sets out on an ignorant pilgrimage like this, everyone seems to be ready to help things along? It was so the other afternoon, for a man appeared and commanded a very small boy, with a boy's carriage and a tiny nothing of a pony, that went lame as soon as it glanced at me, to convey me to the very gates of Eden. It's foolish-looking to ride in a boy's carriage with your knees up to your chin, and to regard the hindquarters of a limping pony that thinks it's being imposed upon, and shows its opinion. But the little boy and I soon became friends, for he was both bright and bonnie, and he told me some adventures he'd had with the pony, while that interesting animal fell into a leisurely stroll and hung its head, dejected beyond measure at our heartless mirth! Then we came into Eden, where, instead of an angel with a flaming sword, behold, a small baggily-clad urchin, with a Punch and Judy whistler in his mouth, who swung open the white gate and promptly clambered up behind us in the long-suffering carriage, whistling weird assurances that Adam and Eve were at home, because they couldn't go out without his being aware of their passing. Eden was at first all trees, and scent of drying clover hay, and evensong of birds, half drowsy, and caw of crows, and rustle of wild things flying into the deepening meadows. The urchin careered without reverence all around the house that presently came into view, peeping into doors and windows, and whistling "nobody in" in a constant succession of uncanny sounds. "They're on the beach" he skirled, and raced across the green lawn and, standing on the cliff, waved his straw hat and capered and shouted. Small wonder that Eve opined the house was afire, or that Adam came galloping up the hill in his bathing togs. Bathing togs were the nearest thing to fig-leaves one could reasonably expect, and Eve, golden-haired and blue-eyed, the water in drops on her perfect face, and wonder, amusement and relief in her tones, looked a very spirit of the wave as she came nobly in her bare feet across the lawn. It was quite idyllic, the splendid young couple, fresh from their swim, the dog prancing before them, and it was just no time at all until Eve was gowned and shod, and fussing about getting the evening meal on the balcony, all the fruits of the earth about, and of the pretty cherry trees, and neither formality nor disturbance because a mere latter day degenerate was sharing the good things. I love them dearly, my Eden people, and as I said, it was a very pleasant day for me!

*

And so, heigho, for holidays! Down to the sea, where the salt rollers come straight across from Ireland, where little ones with grave tones will tell of last spring's disasters, and there will be mothers in black dresses on Sunday! Down to the sea, as a child runs to its mother, down to the sea, far from gasoline and asphalt dust and clanging gongs and telephone calls! I'm off, good-bye!

LADY GAY.

A new portrait of the Baronne Deslandes, the well-known Parisian author and society beauty.

Dream-Winds.

OH, dream-wind, low and wandering,
What freight of heart's delight you bring!
I lean to meet you and again
There comes the thrill of warm, new rain,
The glint of rainbows softly spanned
In promise o'er a good green land,
The flitter faint of happy wings,
The quick up-rush of growing things,
The scent of gardens brave in pride,
The glory of the countryside.

Oh, dream-wind, blowing keen with frost,
You, too, hear visions worth your cost!
Though flowers are dead and sweet birds flown,
Though stript trees make their shivering moan,
Yet far and keen and thin and high
You blow me back the huntsman's cry.
The jocund noise of hound and horn,
The chant of gatherers in the corn,
The fruity smells of teeming earth,
The tang of fires on every hearth,
The cradle-songs sung soft and low
To children in the after-glow.

—Martha McCulloch-Williams, in Ainslie's Magazine.

The Conundrum Man.

"YES," said the conundrum man, pleasantly, but with a sigh, "you would suppose that my life is one of ease and comfort, but all is not gold that glitters. Sometimes I pass whole weeks of sleepless nights together trying to fit up questions for my answers."

"You mean answers for your questions, don't you?" said I.

"Not at all. I mean just what I say," said the conundrum man. "It's the other way around in my business. We don't work forward, but backward. When we start out to make a conundrum we get the answer first, and then, using that as a basis, we deduce the conundrum. I pass whole sleepless weeks over those questions. Fact is, I'm going through one now. The only rest I have had in three weeks is the little nap I have left on my carpet after pacing the floor night after night."

I sighed deeply, but I deemed it well to appear sympathetic. So I asked him:

"What is your problem? Maybe I can help you."

"I want a question," he replied.

"But what is the answer?" I queried.

"The answer is: "One never rains but it pours, and the other never pains but it roars," said he. "You see, it is a first-class answer. It has the elements of humor always of value in a good conundrum, but what the dickens the question it is the answer to stumps me. Of course the latter might be a baby. A baby never pains but it roars—that is sufficiently obvious even to the dullest intellect—but what is the first? I can't really see unless it is the police station."

I looked at him keenly, for to tell the truth I had begun to suspect his sanity.

"Police station?" I cried. "What on earth has the police station got to do with it?"

"That's where you get pinched," said the conundrum man.

I have had nothing to do with the fellow since.

THERE is no telling what quaint turns wifely pride and devotion may take. Sir Melvill Beachcroft, while waiting in a tenement house for the occupant of the first floor to admit him, chanced to overhear two women conversing on the stairs.

One remarked that her husband always wore a clean shirt every Sunday morning.

"Well, now," responded the other. "I never cares about Sundays, but I allays do see that 'e 'as a clean shirt Saturday afternoone, 'cos that's the time 'e is generally drinking, and when 'e does take 'is coat off to fight I do like to know 'e looks nice and clean."

ONE PLACE WHERE IT'S COOL.

On the shady deck of a C.P.R. Upper Lake steamer, enjoying the cool and invigorating lake breezes an the ever-changing panorama of lake and shore, an ideal hot-weather vacation may be spent. Only a few days are required to make the round trip to Sault Ste. Marie or even Fort William. The Canadian Pacific boats, which, by the way, are unequalled on the Great Lakes for size, speed and comfort, sail from Owen Sound on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The connecting express leaves Toronto at 1 p.m. each sailing day, and the rates are surprisingly moderate. Full information may be obtained at the C. P.R. Ticket Office, corner King and Yonge streets, where tickets are issued and accommodation is reserved.

Merchant's wife (suddenly appearing in her husband's office)—Ha! I thought you said your typewriter girl was an old maid? Merchant (much confused)—Um—er, yes, m'dear, of course, of course; but she is sick today, and she sent her little granddaughter as a substitute.—Philadelphia Record.

"Since you have insisted on trying on my hat, Miss Mabel, I shall certainly claim the forfeit." "I don't know what you mean, sir; and besides this isn't a good place; they can see us from the hotel."—Life.

Let others the female form divine.
I can't.—Smart Set.

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USEFUL ARTICLES FOR DOMESTIC USE

We have just received a new shipment of this new leadless glazed vitreous stoneware from the Langley Mills, Nottingham, England. It is very popular and is the best cooking ware on the market. Assorted decorations in tea pots, coffee jugs, tankard jugs, toby jugs, hot water jugs, hot pots, oval bakers, square bakers, entree dishes, saucepans, and many other useful household articles.

The prices are all very moderate and it will certainly pay you to examine this line.

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Niagara on the Lake ::

THE Queen's Royal Golf Club opened for the season last Friday. A putting contest was played, and the prize was won by Miss Moss Crysler. Tea was served on the verandah of the pretty club house, and sweet music rendered by the orchestra. Some of those present were: Mrs. Case, Mrs. Straubenzee, Mrs. Moncrieff, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Barnard, Miss Violet Edwards, Miss Starkweather, Miss Garrett, Mrs. Porter, the Misses McGaw, Miss Thompson, Miss Hugull, Miss Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Buffalo, have returned from Egypt, and with Mrs. Mann, are at their beautiful summer home on Queen street.

Miss Louise Ford is the guest of Mrs. McGaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Hostettor, of New York, have arrived in town for the summer.

Rumors of several engagements are whispered about town, and we may expect to hear some interesting news before the summer is over.

Miss Nadine Geach has returned to Ottawa.

The dance at the Queen's Royal Saturday evening was well attended. Among a few of those present were: Mrs. Case, Mrs. Strawbenzee, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Moncrief, Miss Taylor, Miss Geach, Miss Violet Edwards, Miss Patti Warren, Mrs. Barnard, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Lancing, Miss Webster, Mrs. Porter, Miss Geddes, Miss Foy, Miss Arnoldi; some of the men present were: Capt. Lindsey, Mr. Greentree, Mr. Porter, Mr. Summerhayes, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. Cole, Capt. Van Strawbenzee, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Howard, Dr. Pentecost, Mr. Green, Mr. Smith, and others.

Miss Lillian Anderson, who has been visiting friends in Toronto, has returned home.

The bowlers arrived at the Queen's Royal, Friday, and are certainly a jolly lot of men. Some very exciting matches are being played off, and the greens are in perfect condition.

Miss Taylor, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Moncrieff.

Mrs. Norris and children, of Bay City, Mich., have returned to town for the summer months.

MARCELL.

SOCIETY

Mrs. W. B. Smith and Miss Clara Smith, have gone to their summer cottage at Sturgeon Point.

Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts, and Miss Alexander, of 108 Admiral road, are summering at Juddhaven, Muskoka, where their guests, Mrs. L. S. Roberts and Miss Roberts, of Pasadena, Cal., are also sojourning.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Underwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lionel Underwood, London, Ontario, to Mr. John J. Tearney, of the Molsons Bank, Ottawa. The marriage will take place quietly, early in September.

Mr. Marmaduke Arthur Rawlinson, of Toronto, was married at St. Lawrence church, Brandsbury Park, London, England, on June 30, to Mary Alice Andrews Welsh, daughter of Mr. John Welsh, Johannesburg, Africa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. M. Snook. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, W. Thurston-Lynex. The bridesmaids were Miss Doris Welsh, sister of the bride, and Miss D. Kendle. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. E. Y. Rawlinson, Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Cayley, and Mrs. and Miss Reynolds, of Toronto.

* * *

Dr. F. H. Torrington leaves on Monday, the 19th instant, for a six weeks' holiday at Cushing Island, Maine, and will be accompanied by Mrs. Torrington. During his absence Mr. W. F. Tasker will officiate at the organ at the High Park Avenue Methodist Church.

The following Torontonians registered at the Royal Muskoka Hotel this week: Mrs. E. S. Glassco, Miss Beaton, Rev. Pierre B. De Lom, Mr. H. B. Warner, Mr. C. Price Green, Mr. S. T. Hayes, Mr. T. W. Best.

THE RIGHT HON. REGINALD McKENNA, First Lord of the Admiralty.

DURING a history recitation in a public school the teacher put the question,

"When was Rome built?"

The first to answer was a youngster near the front, and his response was, "At night."

"At night!" repeated the astonished instructor. "How in the world did you get such an idea as that?"

"Why, I've often heard my dad say that Rome wasn't built in a day," said the boy.

Isadora Duncan, the famous classic dancer, is essentially a feminine artist. There is nothing of the masculine touch in the pictures she weaves into the mazes of her dance. It is all exquisitely graceful, airy, and feminine, but true art nevertheless.

The art world of London, Paris and Berlin, where her first appearances were made, hailed with delight "The Dance of the Future," as it was called, and the greatest interest has been taken in the Isadora Duncan School of Dancing, founded near Berlin, where Miss Duncan's original ideas are being taught.

Last season marked Miss Duncan's first appearance in America as an exponent of her theories, and to Walter Damrosch, the well-known conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, belongs the honor of being the first American musician of note to give substantial proof of his interest in Miss Duncan's genius. He offered her the musical support of his well-trained orchestra, and a series of Duncan-Damrosch concerts given at the Metropolitan Opera House of New York literally took the city by storm. Each concert brought out unprecedented crowds of Metropolitan Opera habitues, and after every number the graceful dancer was greeted with storms of applause. It was a remarkable demonstration for a single attraction, at the Metropolitan.

The Duncan-Damrosch combination repeated its triumphs in Boston, Washington, Baltimore, and other Eastern cities, after which Miss Duncan returned to Europe, where her art is even better known than it is in America. She expects to return in the early fall for a more extended tour with the New York Symphony Orchestra, which Walter Damrosch will conduct in person.

PICKERING COLLEGE.

Everyone interested in the progress of education and particularly of resident schools, will be glad to note the reconstruction of Pickering College is now completed, and its board announces it will be re-opened in the new premises at Newmarket, in September. This school held an honorable place for efficient work among the residential schools of the province, up to the time it was destroyed by fire in 1906. While under the care of the Society of Friends (Quakers) it had also a wide patronage from the public generally, students having attended from all parts of Canada, and a goodly number from the English residents of Jamaica and the British West Indies. The school re-opens under the care of the same principals, Dr. and Mrs. Firth, and it is anticipated that the improved facilities and enlarged premises provided warrant the management in anticipating a new era for the college, and even greater success and influence than in the past.

For announcements and further particulars, see advertisement in another column.

AT a baseball game in Chicago the gatekeeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said: "Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?" "An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"

On the Way Home.

"DIDN'T you like the party, dear, to-night?"
(Silence. She turns her head the other way.)
"What have I done? Isn't my tie on right?"
(No answer, but her eyes have things to say.)

"Is it because I danced with Mrs. Chatt?
Her husband made me, really."
(She is dumb.)
"Surely you can't be jealous that I sat
Out with the silly Grimes girl?"
(She is mum.)

"I know I talked too much of me and mine—
Was that the reason?" (Perfect stillness reigns.)
"But I was proud—you simply looked divine!
Can't you forgive me?" (Speechless she remains.)

"Was it because I stumbled in that waltz?
I always do some fool thing." (Not a word.)
"I didn't mean to lose your smelling salts."
('T would seem the protestation were unheard.)

"Oh, Mrs. Gad then told you that I said
Her dress should have the prize?"
(Hark, 'T is the wind.)
"Or was it that I cut Ned Killer dead??
He's a mere rake. Look at me, dear." (She's blind.)

"Well, I confess, I ought to be accursed
For talking shop at dinner." (She is mute.)
"I'm sorry that I used the wrong fork first."
(Her hush and nature's hush are absolute.)

"Oh, very well, then, since you're bound to sneer,
I can fight, too, if quarelling's such fun."
She speaks! She smiles! "Why, I'm not angry, dear,
I merely wished to know what you had done."

—Chester Firkins, in Denver Post.

"Why do I discharge you?" asked old Chinacrate; "why do I discharge you? Well, because you have been with me only five months and have already appeared in your third new suit of clothes." "Well, sir," demanded the young man, "what of that? Haven't I served you faithfully? Do you bring any charges of dishonesty against me? Have I done anything wrong?" "No," said the old man, kindly, "I don't, and you haven't; but I can't stand this constant strain upon my confidence and credulity. It isn't on your account, but my own, that I am compelled to part with you."—Liverpool Courier.

"How did you manage to see everything in Rome inside of two days?" "Well, you see, we got up early, my wife went to the shops, my daughter to the picture galleries, and I took in the restaurants. In the evening we compared notes."—Fliegende Blatter.

Romance of a Famous Diamond

IT looks as if people were really getting afraid of the famous blue Hope diamond. The other day, says a London press correspondent, it fetched only $80,000 at auction in Paris, though it changed hands a few years ago for $140,000. So long ago as 1830 Mr. Hope, the banker, gave $90,000 for it, and none of these sums represents its true value, which is said to be $300,000 at least.

There is no doubt a great deal of legend about the story of the diamond and, strangely enough, it is its recent history that is wrapped in most obscurity. It was certainly in Constantinople for a few years. The story goes that it was in the possession of the deposed Sultan Abdul Hamid, that his favorite was wearing it when she was shot, and that nearly everyone concerned with it met speedy death or disaster.

All this would only be in keeping with the gloomy traditions that hang about the stone. The list of the authenticated tragedies with which it has been connected is certainly suggestive of evil. It was first heard of as the property of the French traveller and writer, Jean Baptiste Tavernier, who, on his return from a voyage to the East in 1688, sold it to Louis XIV. of France. Tavernier was the first known victims of the diamond's evil spell Reduced to poverty at the age of 81 he set out again for the East to recoup his fortune and died of fever on the journey.

The famous Mme. de Montespan wore the diamond and simultaneously began her decline in the favor of Louis XIV. and she was, before long, supplanted by Mme. Maintenon. The next to wear it was Nicolas Fouquet, courtier, schemer, and financier, who borrowed it from Louis. Shortly afterward he fell into disgrace and died in prison.

Next the diamond graced the neck of Marie Antoinette at a Tuileries ball, and sometimes she lent it to her friend, the Princess de Lamballe. Marie Antoinette was beheaded and the Princess de Lamballe was torn to pieces by the Paris mob. Another owner, Louis XVI., was beheaded.

To this extent the history of the stone is authentic. After the stone left Paris it was divided, and the Hope diamond, as was proved many years later, is the smaller portion of the Tavernier. For forty years after leaving Paris little is known of the gem. It is said that it was given to an Amsterdam diamond cutter to be divided, that his son stole it and after ruining his father committed suicide.

Francis Beaulieu is the next recorded owner. He, it is said, was unable to sell it in time to save himself from death by starvation, but died the day after he sold it to a London dealer named Fliason, who in turn sold it to the late Francis Henry Hope of Deepdene. It then passed into the hands of Lord Francis Hope, whose life if not a tragedy was certainly not of the most enviable up to the date of his divorce from May Yohe in 1902.

Simon Frankel, of New York, its next purchaser, met with financial difficulties and the diamond was sold to the Russian Prince Kanitovski, who lent it to a beautiful actress of the Folies Bergeres in Paris, and shot her dead, from a box, the first night she wore it. Subsequently, it is said, the diamond passed through the hands of a French broker, who went mad, a Russian prince, who was stabbed by revolutionaries, and a Greek jeweler, who threw himself over a precipice. It then undoubtedly reached Constantinople, and eventually formed part of the Habib collection which was sold in Paris the other day.

As mentioned above, it is believed to have been in the possession of Abdul Hamid when he was deposed and worn by his favorite, Salmo Zubayaba, when she was shot. But that does not complete the story of its bad luck while in possession of Abdul. The man to whom it was entrusted to be polished was bastinadoed and thrown into prison. The keeper of the vault in which it was kept was found strangled and the eunuch in whose charge it was placed was hanged in the street by the mob.

Such, in outline, are the history and the legend of the Hope diamond. One may hope that the new possessor is a man of sound nerves.

"Sued for a breach of promise, eh?" "Yep." "Any defence?" "Temporary insanity; and I expect to prove it by the love letters I wrote." —Washington Herald.

"I understand your husband is something of an after-dinner speaker." "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "what Charley is liable to say after dinner is the reason we can't keep a cook."—Washington Star.

Kay's July Furniture Sale

The furniture arrayed on our floors is no ordinary collection. It is from the best makers on the continent, and has been carefully chosen with an eye to sound construction as well as artistic excellence of design.

The enormous growth of this section of our business is evidence of the splendid values and unequalled service we give—always.

During July the advantages of buying here are increased almost beyond reason.

A substantial reduction in the price of every piece of furniture in stock, and large special reductions, such as those listed below, on a host of articles indicated by large tickets.

Occasional Tables. No. 15, solid ash, finished green, tops 24 in. by 24 in; a quaint Mission design. Regularly $5.75 each, for $3.00

Magazine Rack. No. 702. Top 30 in. by 18 in., Early English finish. Regularly $15.00, for $7.50

Writing Table. No. 1555. Two only, in Early English; charming little tables with pigeon-hole cupboards and folding writing flaps; the cupboard doors are decorated with hand-painted panels. Regularly $12.00 each, for $8.00

Cellarette. No. 60, in weathered oak, very conveniently fitted up with metal lined cupboard, sliding shelf, pipe rack, etc. Regularly $40.00, for $27.50

Dining-room Chairs. One only suite No. 48 (5 small chairs and 1 arm chair), solid mahogany frames with seats and backs in first-class leather. Regularly $95.00, for $55.00

Dining-room Suite. No. 1811. A handsome new design in waxed finish dark golden oak; included are Sideboard, Side Table, Cabinet, Pedestal Extension Table, and six leather-covered Dining Chairs. Regularly $350.00, for $260.00

EARLY CLOSING
During the summer months we close on Saturdays at 1 P.M.

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The dependable drug store

You may depend that any article you buy in this modern drug store is right in quality and price.

No matter what you want in drugs or druggists' sundries, you'll find it here—many things that other drug stores haven't got.

Our Special Prescription Department is in the hands of expert Chemists and only pure, fresh, high-quality drgus are used.

Telephone whenever you want anything—Main 2991.

Hennessey's the dependable drug store 107 Yonge St., Toronto

A WEEK-END TRIP.

There are many pleasant week-end trips to be had in the neighborhood of Toronto, and of these one of the most pleasant is the run to Prescott and back through the beautiful scenery of the Thousand Islands. The Richelieu and Ontario Company's steamers leave Toronto at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and get back again about seven on Monday morning—hours which should suit the convenience of almost everyone. And all the interval is filled with pleasant views of land and water, quiet hours spent in the sunshine and fresh air on deck, hearty meals, and refreshing sleep. If a busy man wishes to recover after the rush and turmoil of the week, there is no better way than this. The route too, of the R. & O. steamers is an excellent one. From Toronto they run across the lake to Charlotte, whose amusement park makes a beautiful picture as seen at night from the lake. From Clayton the route crosses the lake again to Kingston. Clayton, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, and Prescott, are then made in turn, the last town being reached about half after ten on Sunday morning. The trip through the Thousand Islands is made in daylight, both going and coming, so that nothing need be missed of the beautiful scenery. Altogether the trip is a delightful one, no matter how often it is made.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

MULKINS—At Pembroke, Ont., on July 5, 1909, the wife of Frederick C. Mulkins, manager Bank of Ottawa, of twins (boys).

LEVACK—On Tuesday, July 13, 1909, at 116 Beverley street, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace B. Levack, a daughter.

SCOTT—On July 11, 1909, at 19 Avenue road, Toronto, to Dr. and Mrs. Paul Lindsay Scott, a son.

WINTERS—At Portland, Oregon, on July 6, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edgar Winters, formerly of Toronto, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MAYBEE—RYERSON—At 27 Cecil street, Toronto, on Tuesday, July 13, 1909, Isabel Louise, second daughter of the late Charles Egerton Ryerson and Mrs. Ryerson, to Arthur McCallum Maybee, manager Canadian Bank of Commerce, Brandon, Man.

MERRITT—McCULLOUGH—On Wednesday, July 14, 1909, Florence, daughter of Dr. James and Mrs. McCullough, to Robert Norris Merritt, by Rev. Dr. Van Horn.

DEATHS.

PENNEFATHER—On Saturday, July 10, 1909, at her late residence, 66 St. Mary street, Toronto, Sophia J. Pennefather, wife of John G. Pennefather, late of H. M. Customs, Chatham, Ont.

"Your ocean trip was pretty nice, I s'pose?" "Oh, yes." "Saw icebergs and such things, eh?" "Yes; but I missed the billboards, I can tell you."—Washington Herald.

Society at the Capital

WITH nearly the entire list of Ottawa's "four hundred" scattered over the face of the globe, Government House being in a state of *mi-fermee* owing to his Excellency's absence in England and her Excellency Lady Grey's isolation on account of her recent attack of scarlet fever, and all the Cabinet Ministers with their families either travelling abroad or rusticating at their respective summer homes, the social are at a complete standstill in the Capital, and there remains little to chronicle with the exception of the daily flittings of the fortunate ones who go to enjoy a two or three months' relaxation among other and cooler environments. Just now one passes house after house with closed shutters, which will not re-open until the beginning of September. His Excellency Lord Grey is returning to Canada this month, sailing on the sixteenth.

On enquiry at Government House everyone is delighted to know that her Excellency's case of scarlet fever has proved to be a mild one and is gradually subsiding. Capt. Newton, who has also been a sufferer from the same epidemic, and is in the Isolation Hospital, is progressing favorably, although with him it took a rather more severe form. Another victim of an attack from a very unwelcome complaint is Dr. Reginald Brock, who returned a week ago from Nova Scotia and immediately afterwards developed a case of diphtheria. He, like Captain Newton, is occupying a room in the Isolation Hospital, and while his case is of ordinary severity, Dr. Brock is improving gradually day by day.

Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, left on Thursday afternoon for Montreal, whence he sailed on the following day by the "Virginian" to add another to the already long list of Ottawans who are summering in England. Mrs. O'Hara and her little daughter, Miss Marian O'Hara, accompanied him to Montreal, going on to Brackley Beach, Prince Edward Island, where they will holiday at Shaw's Hotel, until his return some time in August.

The news has reached Ottawa of the engagement of Miss Helen Kathleen O'Hara, daughter of the late Robert O'Hara, Esq., of Chatham, Ont., and Mrs. O'Hara, now of Kingston, to Capt. James Arthur Mortimer Craig, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Craig, of Kingston, Ont. Miss O'Hara is the only sister of Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara and of Mr. Walter O'Hara, D.L.S., of Daly avenue.

On summing up the number of Ottawans who are traveling abroad this summer, the list is found to include, besides those mentioned as having sailed last week, the Hon. W. S. Fielding and Miss Fielding, who are at present motoring through the North of England; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses St. Denis Lemoine, Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon and her two children, Mr. and Mrs. Gormully, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Miss Lola Powell, who has recently joined Mr. Gormully's party on a trip to Paris; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser and the Misses Lottie and Mildred Fraser, who are at present in London, having been detained there for a while by the indisposition of Mrs. and Miss Mildred Fraser; Mrs. Venn Henderson, and her sisters, the Misses Jessie and Edith MacPherson, who are visiting relatives; Mr. J. C. Ewart and Miss Kathleen Ewart, who are remaining in London until the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Gladys Ewart, who sailed on Friday to join them; Col. and Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, who with their family have been visiting their eldest daughter, Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Stevenson, in Cumberland, are now in France; Major A. H. O'Brien, who is in London; Miss Louie Douglas, who is visiting English relatives; Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth, who have been travelling for several weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Booth have selected a delightful method of enjoying a summer outing and will motor to Rye Beach by easy stages, stopping at all the interesting summer resorts en route. They will take as their guests the Misses Kitty and Oswald Haycock and Miss Lily McGee.

Dr. C. A. E. Harriss, of "Eranescliffe," who has been in England for several months past, arrived in Capetown, South Africa, on July 6th, to be present at the musical festival now in progress there. He will be the city's special guest during his stay in Capetown.

THE KAISER'S LATEST DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.
This very charming and hitherto unpublished photograph of Prince and Princess August William of Prussia is a highly characteristic portrait of the youthful couple. Prince August William is the Kaiser's fourth son and greatly resembles his royal parent.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Parker are now quite settled in their new home in the handsome Bank of Montreal building and have been joined by their sons, one of whom is a student at Ridley College, St. Catharines, and another of whom has just completed his second year at the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Col. and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins will move shortly to their summer cottage at Tenaga, up the Gatineau. They have been detained in town rather longer than usual owing to the illness of their son, Mr. Owen Hodgins, who is now, however, gradually regaining his health. Miss Elsie Ritchie is leaving this week to spend a holiday with friends at Saranac Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier are at the Queen's Royal at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Miss Dorothy White left on Friday for Los Angeles, California, where she will spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Harry Peck, of Goldfield, Nevada, who has taken a house at Los Angeles for a month or two.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, July 12, 1909.

Nancy.

ALTHOUGH in beauty's gleaming pride
A maid be fortunate to hide
Her shallowness of fancy,
I'll wish for you no fairer face
To overlay your choicer grace
My Soothing little Nancy!

Dear child! You must not know the grief
To which your sweetness brings relief—
Slow toil, so long rejected:
But springless as my prospect lies,
I see God's sunshine when your eyes
Smile welcome unaffected.

You never felt your childish hand
Displace a sore and knotted band
In settling on my shoulder.
You loosed it, though—I know that well:
It slipped and half the burden fell,
And left my faith the bolder.

And if the strain should grow no less
Of striving in the wilderness—
Only to seem mistaken.
You, little angel, thoughtful-browed,
Have been my rainbow in the cloud,
Saying I'm not forsaken.

—The London Spectator.

Pebbles.

HAVE you ever waded up a stream in search of the pebbles in the sand, with their bright, varying colors, as the sun strikes through the water upon them? There are all shades of red, and the rare and precious blue and dull green ones; prizes for your treasure-box—and you hoarded them so carefully, even adding to the treasures in your dripping handkerchief. You jump from stone to stone, frightening the darting trout; wading through the shallows and around the deep pools, and clambering up the shadowy rocks.

The alders and maples dangle their branches in the stream, and catch you as you go by; and in the silence of the woods the birds fly from bush to bush, scarcely stopping their full-throated music as you pass.

Perhaps a shy warbler will fly on ahead, now visible, now lost in the foliage on the bank; or a muskrat will dive from the bank and disappear under the projecting roots.

Everything is pulsing with the full life of summer. The warm rocks welcome you touch, the sun glimmers on the silvery green leaves, and glints on a distant rock or bare, dead tree. The hush of midday hangs over everything. It is felt above all the many wood noises, subdued and intermingled. The distant locust, the wandering bee, the song of birds, and the call of the blue-jay, all serve to enhance the stillness of the warm, breathing earth.

It is the kind of a day that perhaps a child only can fully appreciate, when nature opens her heart to him, as she can seldom do to older and wiser folk. It is a form of happiness so perfect that it can never be expressed, especially by a child; and when he grows up he forgets about it.

The distant blue mountains speak of safety and peace, the nearer foothills of all kinds of enchantment, and the surrounding forest of all that life holds most dear to a child. And the great pine trees brood in their sad way, and keep all your childish secrets, that you shyly confide to them.

You return home with a heart so full and yet so light that it seems as if you could give one little kick and float off like the lazy thistle-down that sails away toward the hills. You come home bearing your treasures, and open your handkerchief to share them with your mother—when, lo! you have only a handful of very ordinary little stones—their lustre vanished, their colors faded. So suddenly the cord snaps; life resumes its every-day proportions—the sunlight turns from gold to yellow — and you feel a lump rising in your throat. You go into the house, because the hearts and hurts of children are too deep even for a mother's eye. And perhaps in after years, if you remember it at all, you will wonder whether it was really the fault of the pebbles after all.

—Alice G. De Bois, in Harper's Weekly.

PARRY SOUND CIRCULAR TOUR EMBRACING GEORGIAN BAY AND MUSKOKA LAKES.

$9.15 is price of round trip from Toronto to Parry Sound, going by Georgian Bay Express at 11.50 a.m. to Penetang, and steamer "Waubic" through inside channel of the Georgian Bay, with its 30,000 islands, stopping at Rose Point, or the "Belvidere," two excellent hotels, returning via Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk to Maple Lake and delightful stage trip of eight miles to Port Cockburn, Lake Joseph, or twelve miles to Rousseau, Lake Rousseau, thence by steamers through the Muskoka Lakes to Muskoka Wharf, and Grand Trunk to Toronto. Tickets good all season, and available for stop-over at Royal Muskoka Hotel or other points. The trip can also be made in reverse direction, and stop made at Hotel Penetanguishene. Call at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209 for further information, etc.

AN old lady who was fond of her dissenting minister once wearied Charles Lamb by the length of her praises.

"I speak because I know him well," said she.

"Well, I don't—I don't—but damn him, at a venture!" cried Lamb.

On another occasion, Lamb was invited to a party where the room was crowded with children. Their noise and tricks plagued him not a little, and at supper when toasts were flying to and fro, he rose to propose the health of the "m-much ca-ca-calumniated g-g-good King Herod!"

NATHANIEL OSBORNE, who used to blow the organ in the Brick church in Fairhaven, was once asked how much salary he received.

"Twelve hundred dollars," he replied.

"Twelve hundred!" exclaimed the questioner in surprise.

"Yes," replied Nat, "but that's for one hundred years."

The honorary governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. John Pugsley and Mr. A. E. Kemp.

THE BEST IS NOT TOO GOOD FOR YOU

Gerhard Heintzman PIANOS

ARE NOT SO HIGH IN PRICE THAT YOU SHOULD PASS THEM, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T AFFORD AN EXPENSIVE INSTRUMENT. SEE THEM BEFORE YOU JUDGE OF YOUR INABILITY TO POSSESS ONE.

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GOLD LACK BRUT
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May be obtained at principal wine merchants, clubs, hotels and restaurants.

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PARIS, FRANCE

Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by CRÈME SIMON POUDRE SAVON

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Three Famous O'Keefe Brews

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager—the real old German "Pilsener." Brewed as they brew it in Pilsen, of the finest hops and malt and pure filtered water. O'K "Pilsener" is the Beer with a Reputation—*The Light Beer in the Light Bottle.*

O'Keefe's Gold Label Ale is the connoisseurs' delight—a rich, creamy old ale—full bodied—and marvellously tasty.

"Perfection in liquid form" as one enthusiast called it.

"The Beer That Is Always O.K."
Sold Everywhere.

O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale is for those who find ordinary ale too heavy and too bitter. This special brew is fine and delicious in flavor, but being extra mild, never makes you bilious.

Both "Special Extra Mild" and "Gold Label" Ales are in Crown Stoppered Bottles.

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THE
QUEEN'S
ROYAL

Niagara-on-the-Lake
Now Open for the Season

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT Week of August 23rd.

The golf links are in perfect order. Fine roads, garage and all accessories. Bathing, boating and black bass fishing. Casino and New Country Club.

ONLY DISTILLED WATER USED.

For rates and booklet apply—

WINNETT AND THOMPSON

SPECIAL RATES
at the
Royal Muskoka
UNTIL JULY 20th

Reservations should be made at once, as heavy business is anticipated. Write L. W. Maxson, Box 23, Royal Muskoka Hotel, Lake Rosseau.

Position Unrivalled as LONDON.
THE
LANGHAM HOTEL
Portland Place and Regent St. W.
FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
in Fashionable and Healthy Locality
Reduced Inclusive Terms during August and September.

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Canada's Leading Central Resort, one hour by train, two hours by boat from Toronto. Garage in connection for Automobilists. High-class Bungalows with sanitary plumbing for rent.

Apply
HOTEL BRANT, BURLINGTON.

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At "Stoney Lake," has been re-built and newly furnished throughout. The best equipped and most attractive family resort on the Kawartha Lakes. Best sanitary plumbing, dancing pavilion, etc. For illustrated booklet write to

MRS. W. M. GRAHAM,
"Viamede," Mount Julian, Ontario.

HOTEL KENTUCKY Ocean End Kentucky ave. Just completed; located in centre of attractions; up-to-date appointments, elevator, private baths, etc. Cap. 450. Fresh eggs, milk and vegetables direct from farm and dairies; you will appreciate our table and service; $2 upward daily; $10 to $15 weekly. Booklet. F. A. CHAPMAN, Hotel Kentucky, Atlantic City, N.J.

BALMY BEACH.

Lake front. Most delightful spot on the Beach. Splendid accommodation for summer visitors. Bathing, boating, tennis. Apply Box 202, Saturday Night.

The "Home of Rest"

is a Farm House on the Georgian Bay, managed by a trained nurse. Terms, $1 per day and upwards. Address applications, MISS ELLA LYONEHOUSE, Parry Sound, Ont.

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EDINBURGH
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THE PUREST ON THE MARKET.
READY IN A FEW SECONDS. SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE. TRY IT. Of all Grocers & Stores.

Dunlop "Orange Star" Golf Ball

It is famous in England and Scotland—the ball selected by championship players. Sold everywhere in Canada by The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., and by dealers in athletic and sporting goods.

If you cannot get the Dunlop Golf Ball from your dealer write direct to the Dunlop Company, Booth Ave., Toronto. "Orange Star" postpaid, 50c. "The Manor," a practice ball, postpaid. 35 cents.

Mr. Ashley's Failure

(*Continued from page 9.*)

time will do; but I should like to see her."

Mrs. Tregarron rang the bell, and, through the servant, conveyed Mr. Ashley's request to her daughter. In a minute or two he returned. Miss Tregarron was suffering from headache and had retired. She was sorry that she could not see Mr. Ashley.

The detective did not seem in the least disappointed; in fact, his eye brightened as he received this message.

"It is of no consequence," he declared. "No doubt I have all the information available. I should like just a word with the coachman, though. May I step downstairs and speak to him?"

"Miss Tregarron kept you a good time waiting at Lady Somerville's?" he remarked.

"We didn't wait for her, sir; we had orders to come back and fetch her again in an hour and a half's time, which we did."

The detective seemed mildly surprised.

"I should have thought," he said, reflectively, "that it would have been scarcely worth while for you to have come back again. It must have taken you all your time."

"It did that, sir, and no mistake," assented the coachman; "but young ladies never think of the 'osses. Anyways, them were her orders, and, of course, I was bound to obey them."

"Clear as daylight," he murmured to himself, as he walked slowly homewards; "but a nasty job to tackle."

Nevertheless, the quiet smile on his lips did not denote any great distaste in his task.

Early on the following morning he took the 'bus up to Highgate, and alighted at the road at which Lady Somerville resided. There was a cab-stand near, and he entered the shelter and made a few inquiries, the result of which appeared to be perfectly satisfactory. Then he took down a name and address, after which a certain coin of the realm found its way into the dirty but eager palm of one of the Jehus.

He seemed to be getting on. He set off, after leaving the shelter, for a very different part of the town, and entered a low, dirty-looking shop from behind the counter of which a somewhat dirty-looking Jew bowed to him obsequiously.

"A few words with you, Jacob," said the detective shortly; and, in obedience to a gesture, he followed the man into a little back room.

The few words lasted fully an hour, at the end of which time Mr. Ashley emerged from the shop with a confident smile upon his lips.

His morning's work was not yet finished, though. He made some more calls, but chiefly now upon his most distinguished patrons, including Lord Maclenie's friend, who had recommended him. As a rule, society doings possessed no manner of interest for him, but to-day he was incessantly asking questions about different people, and at the end of the morning his satisfied smile had not decreased.

The next day he called again at Hyde Park Gardens. Mrs. Tregarron was out; but the announcement of her absence dd not appear to be an overwhelming shock to him. In fact, he had just watched her drive away. He would see Miss Tregarron.

The servant to whom he conveyed his request was not at all sanguine as to the young lady's willingness to see him, but he was shown into the morning-room, and his message taken. In a very few minutes a tall, handsome girl swept into the room and confronted him. The detective rose and bowed.

"You wish to speak to me, Mr.—Mr. Ashley, I believe?" she said, slightly acknowledging his salutation. "Be as quick as you can, please, as I'm particularly engaged."

"I will not detain you a moment longer than is necessary, Miss Tregarron," he said quietly. "Permit me to offer you a chair."

She sat down and fixed her dark eyes upon him, full of impatient inquiry. Mr. Ashley hesitated. He had a delicate task before him, and he knew nothing of this young lady's disposition.

"Will you permit me," he said slowly, "to tell you a short story which has come under my notice lately? I will not detain you long, and you will, perhaps, find it interesting."

She arched her magnificent eyebrows, as if somewhat surprised at his presumption, but motioned him to proceed.

"We detectives come across some strange incidents sometimes," he began, "and unravel some curious tangles. Listen to this story, for instance, since it is strictly true. There was a young lady and a young gentleman who fell in love with one another. Both were poor, both were in society, and the young lady was everywhere expected to make a brilliant match, for she was beautiful and her mother ambitious. This young gentleman with whom she had unfortunately fallen in love, although of excellent family, was not only poor, but was also hopelessly in debt; and so, seeing the utter impossibility of ever being married to the man she loved, the young lady yields to her mother's solicitations and becomes engaged to a rich young nobleman.

"She had resolved to see no more of her unhappy lover, nor does she; but she hears of him often, for it happens that her maid and his manservant are brother and sister. She hears of his despair at the news of her engagement, of the terrible worry of his debts, and of his unsuccessful attempts to raise a certain sum of money to enable him to leave the country and start life afresh. Her pity for him is great, and she resolves anonymously to help him. At first, however, she is powerless, for she, too, is of a poor family, and the sum is an impossibility to her. Whilst she is striving hard to think of some means whereby to raise the money, her betrothed, a very rich, but somewhat stingy young nobleman, makes her his first present—a diamond necklace of great value. An idea occurs to her. She cares nothing for the stones, and they are her own. Can she not secretly realize them, and thus otbain the money for her desperate lover? She resolves to do so, and lays her plans with considerable shrewdness. The necklace is believed by everyone to have been stolen; her lover receives the money in such a fashion that he imagines it to come from someone else from whom he has no hesitation in accepting it, and joyfully carries out his plans. Only two persons know the true facts of the case—the young lady and myself."

"A very romantic story, Mr. Ashley," said the young lady quietly, with her eyes fixed upon the carpet. "I should like to know the end."

The detective smiled and cleared his throat.

"Well, the fact of—er—the second party becoming acquainted with this little story was most annoying to the young lady, as, of course, his disclosure of it would mean the breaking off of her marriage and social ruin. Fortunately, however, this second party was quite amenable to reason, and had not the slightest wish to ruin the young lady's prospects. He suggested to her, therefore, that she should promise him (on paper) to pay him twice the amount of the reward after her marriage and give him a small sum down to cover expenses. She, being a sensible girl, at once agreed to this."

Miss Tregarron rose and moved towards the door.

"You will excuse me for a moment?"

"Certainly," and during her brief absence Mr. Ashley occupied himself in drawing up a little document.

She was not long gone, and re-entered the room with a roll of notes in her hand.

"To continue your story, Mr. Ashley, she said, with a levity in her tones which scarcely harmonized with her pallor-stricken face, "the young lady handed over fifty pounds in notes—all she could spare before her marriage, for she was, as you observed, very poor—and signed the document which the second party had prepared for her," and, sitting down at the little table, she signed with a firm hand the slip of paper which lay before her. "That ends the story, I think, Mr. Ashley," she added, rising.

"That ends the story, Miss Tregarron," the detective replied. "I wish you a very good-morning," and he bowed himself out of the room.

"Your detective didn't turn up trumps, after all," remarked Lord Maclenie to his friend in the smoking-room of the club, about a fortnight after his return from his honeymoon. "A regular duffer, I thought him."

"I can't make it out," replied his friend thoughtfully. "Ashley doesn't often fail."

Perhaps Mr. Ashley, after all, does not reckon this little affair amongst his failures.

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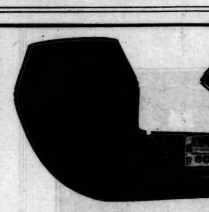

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At first sight, the rules of rhetoric seem as adamantine as the moral law (observes Dr. Crothers in an essay in The Atlantic Monthly). The commandments against barbarism and improprieties are uttered with a stern menace. Such a natural locution as a split infinitive evokes the thunders of the law. The young writer grows timid, seeing that he is liable to give offense where none was intended. By purifying his style of all its natural qualities, he seeks through self-abnegation to follow the counsels of perfection and attain to "clearness, elegance, and force."

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